

FRONTISPIECE.



And looking up he beheld, a conflict in  
the Clouds betwixt two. — Page 179. —

# *Cain's Lamentations*

OVER

## ABEL.

IN SIX BOOKS.

CONTAINING

I. His astonishment at Abel's death—his melancholy relation of the event to Adam and Eve, and his sorrowful separation from his parents when he became a fugitive exile.

II. His conviction and penitence in his solitary retirement, with Satan's appearing to him.

III. The appearance of Abel unto him as a messenger from Heaven, and their discourse.

IV. His reflections on Abel's descension, and the consolation it produced to his soul.

V. The appearance and discourse of Adam with him from Heaven--Adam's departure--his second appearance to him as the messenger of glad tidings and comfort—with Cain's melancholy reflections and doubts in the interval.

VI. His patient waiting the will of God to depart from this spot of solitude, and earnest desire to see his mother before she goes to his father and brother—with the death of Eve in the presence of Cain.

BY. R. C. ROGERS.

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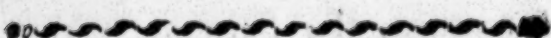
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## EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.



COURTEOUS reader, permit me to give thee a description of my emblematical design.—

On the left corner, through the opening clouds, thou perceivest the rays of Heaven, from the eye of the Omnipotent One, covering, as a shield of defence, the Angel of God, in a conflict with Satan—in his left hand he contains the Shield of Truth, engraved in its centre the Sword of Justice, while the right hand extended brandishes the Sword of Wrath and Power.—SATAN, like a vanquished foe, attempting his escape with his weapons of defence—in his right hand he holds a dry bone, a moral of wounded creation—in his left the first be-

guiled creature, the Serpent, which he assumed, that turns its head round to dart its venomous poison into the arm of the grand revolter, that brought the direful curse upon him.

Underneath, on the mossy turf, thou perceivest CAIN, with bended knees and hands uplifted, in a state of wonder, fear, and prayer, while all the inhabitants of creation of different natures around him, with eyes intently fixed, as with ideas of rational astonishment, seem terrified and moved with the dreadful sight.

R. C. R.



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## THE PREFACE.

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To detail in a preface the subject matter of a book, is not only unnecessary, but improper; all an author has to do, is to apologize for its publication, by recommending a candid perusal to an impartial reader.

The mind of man is capable of improvement; and a work of this kind (to which a reference could not be had for assistance from any prior publication) must depend very much upon that privilege; and the difficulties the author labored under on that head, must be allowed not to be a few. The productions of the pen are more exposed to the critical remarks of the world

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than



than any other labors of the mind whatsoever; for, in a channel of such extent, the private opinions, as well as talents of men, are generally metamorphosed into as many different shapes and forms as mankind are disposed to transform them into, without making those reasonable allowances for different judgments, as the discorded minds of men are subject to.—*Holy Writ* itself is not exempt from these defects in man's feeble discernments; as witness the numerous sects of religious professors, even amongst Protestants only; or to bring it to a nearer point, Dissenters alone; for, was the Bible to appear in the same sense to every one, instead of religious controversies, we should have religious fellowship established amongst us; there would be a concord of faith, a concord of principle, and a concord of harmony; and lamentable is the reflection, that such a diversity of opinions should prevail in a *Christian* land, proceeding entirely from the prejudice of education, and parental influence; but as the present work treats of *manners, men, and matters*, before religion was hardly known,

known, much less divided, the author will escape the censure of the most minute critic on that head, having no greater views than introducing an instructive and edifying moral upon a subject of such universal importance as the *Murder of Abel*; therefore, he flatters himself that *Cain's Lamentations* will be found as useful as *Abel's Death*.

He now concludes with a few words of advice to such as may be disposed for unjust criticism, that it is much easier to find fault, than it is to compose the like of the whole without fault.

R. C. R.

WARMINSTER.



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*C A I N ' S*  
LAMENTATIONS OVER  
A B E L.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

“ **B**E calm, be serene; let an awful silence reign throughout the wounded face of nature! Be reposed in solemn sadness, all ye chearful inhabitants of the creation! happiness is banished from your peaceful retreats; harmony no longer accompanies your social retirements; for the gloomy horrors



rors of melancholy have found an entrance into the habitations of mortals, and the perspective views of felicity are buried in the gulph of infernal temptations. Short and momentary have been the days of hope allotted to the first-born of mankind ; like the wings of the mounting eagle, have taken their rapid course with the velocity of imperception, and doomed the forlorn, the miserable CAIN to years of pensive woe!—Reason ! art thou awakened ? or do the phantoms of delusive imaginations deceive thee ? Have the nocturnal slumbers of darkness taken possession of thy soul, and whirled thy scattered conceptions of things into uncreated worlds ? and the fancies of sleep discomposed thy superior powers by a confused mass of horrible ideas, representing to thy mind a scene that will be shocking to the ears of humanity for generations unborn, and denounce vengeance upon the posterity of the first homicide and fratricide in the world ;

“ See !

“See! there he lieth! behold my brother! he *sleepeth*! But why this *unusual*—this *motionless* slumber?—Why cold and lifeless his once heaving pulse, that was wont to keep pace with the movements of nature’s self; and those vigorous limbs that relaxed not in their activity to obey their MAKER’S dictates, even from the rising sun till evening shadows evinced approaching night?—The circling blood of manhood seems retarded in its usual progress, and a frozen chillness closeth up those lively passages, that with progressive rotundity of motion communicated activity from vein to vein! I will again open my lips unto him—“ABEL! ABEL! *my brother ABEL, awake!* behold before thee the image of horror! a bare statue of mortality! a man and no man—CAIN, thy brother!—thy murderer! Speak, I say, if breath is still within thee!—*he is silent!*—motionless he rests, regardless of my entreaties.—What can this portend?—What can this change in man predict? Can this cold, this icy state, be the ALMIGHTY’S decree to ADAM and his posterity for the

first act of disobedience in Eden's Paradise? Or has the GREAT CREATOR, from his unalterable wisdom, appointed seasons and portions of time for the offspring of ADAM to have a temporary relaxation from the laborious exercises and measures of life? Is it possible that created beings can again return into their primeval state of non-existence, for hours, days, or years? If so, why not the elder before the younger son of ADAM? Why either of the two before the father of both? Astonishment seizes me! my soul is troubled! I dread the consequences of my deed! Our father never experienced this mysterious change, or never revealed the unfathomable secret to his son, to prepare him to encounter such a worldly revolution."

Thus was CAIN tossed to and fro by the agitations of his mind; framing such imperfect ideas of the nature of death—whether he had or had not killed ABEL his brother; as we must naturally conclude that ABEL was the first corpse that CAIN ever saw,

saw, having no scripture tradition to give us room to suppose the contrary.

CAIN in this state of perplexity deliberates within himself to go to his father and make known his anxiety—thus said, he hastens towards ADAM, and thus addresses him: “Father, thou first and original of men, speak to thy first-born; disdain not an answer to the requests of CAIN thy son; reject not his solicitations, nor turn a deaf ear to his petition—remove the sorrows of his soul, or they will become an increasing evil with his length of days—Declare unto him the mutation that Heaven has ordained for mankind—enlighten his ignorance; and let him not continue in the obscurity of fear, and hourly wander in the labyrinth of despairing doubtfulness.” ADAM speaks—“Child, open thy mind to thy father.” CAIN begins—

“Make known the will of God to thy son, that future generations may be acquainted with the decrees of Heaven—Will  
the



the Creator of the world condescend to appear to the descendants of ADAM, and with the voice of majesty admonish them for their future obedience, to cleave to good and abhor evil? Are these any of the conditions the Almighty entered into with ADAM, as renewing covenants for children yet unborn? Will CAIN, will ABEL have the gracious opportunity of hearing and answering the Eternal One, by declaring his will to regulate their future conduct in life? Will new commands and injunctions of obedience be delivered to them, to guide them in the paths of rectitude and truth? Speak, my father, while CAIN thy son is close attention, to procure alleviation to his wounded soul."—ADAM thus begins—

"What aileth my first-born? What tumultuous grief has taken possession of the soul of my eldest child? Those questions border upon phrenzy—such interrogatories cannot proceed from deliberation, ripened by perfect maturity—Thy father is at a loss—it exceeds the limits of his comprehension, even

even to conceive the springs from whence thy difficult passages flow: it must be the production of some sudden disaster in nature, for thy soul to be so agitated, originating in the first great sin of disobedience in thy father; and those disquietudes and distracted emotions that disorganize the vital parts of my son, must be the fruits of that first guilt."

"Oh, ADAM! thy memory is now refreshed with the bitter reflections of that unguarded moment, when the first act of ingratitude and evil was committed upon the earth by tasting the forbidden fruit."

"Nothing, my child, has been withheld from thee or thy brother, that was appertaining to your necessary knowledge, that has been manifested unto ADAM your father by the GREAT CREATOR—no duties commanded, or restrictions enjoined, have been kept from you; for it contributes much to the happiness of my days to witness the holy and blameless walking of my children  
before

before the Lord in purity of heart and uprightness of life; strictly adhering to the commandments of Heaven, and in mutual love and concord with each other.—But, CAIN, thy disordered looks forbode some trouble pending, and nearly ripe to fruition; thy dejected appearance strikes a dread upon my mind, beyond the fortitude of paternal tenderness to support—the whole frame of nature within thee seems to border upon distraction—the agitating motions of thy soul, and irregular beating of thy pulse, are certain omens of some approaching evil——retire to thy peaceful habitation, and partake of the necessary calmness and tranquillity——thou indulgest some ungovernable passion, some unruly phantom, that deprives thee of manhood; reduces thee in reason beneath the standard of a child, and bidding defiance to the exalted dignity of man—restrain all doubtful timidity and confidence in thy Maker, for all needful revelation for your instruction will be manifested in due time. If new dictates or prohibitions are ordained in Heaven for the sons of ADAM.

to

to rectify their lives, it will be declared at the Lord's appointed time to CAIN and ABEL—God will not permit succeeding children to remain in darkness, and unacquainted with his will. But declare unto me, CAIN, from what hidden motive issues that gloom on thy countenance, and the source of thy inward calamity! Remove my astonishment! Cease not to quell the disturbance thou hast created in my breast, and dispel the anguish thou hast brought on thy father by concealing thy own grief—What moved thy earnest solicitations? Wherein is thy soul wounded? Relate thy trouble to EVE thy mother; perhaps her superior knowledge in the virtue of herbs may procure some balsamic plant, that, by her careful preparation, may procure thee relief, restore thy disordered frame to its former calmness, and banish from thy mind all unruly perturbations.”

To this discourse of ADAM, CAIN begins to reply—

“ Oh !



“Oh, my father! let me not see my mother! Parents of the miserable! In the anguish of my soul have I spoke thus. Answer me one question, father.”—“Propose it my child.”—“What is *death*?” ADAM replies—“It is the change, CAIN, instituted by Heaven to be undergone by all mankind, at God’s appointed time—It is the LORD’s doing—we then cease our mortal existence, and return to God that made us.”—“ADAM, my father, be thou again attentive to thy son; solve his doubts, remove his fears, and speak, for ABEL, thy child, my Brother, *sleepeth*! a sleep yet unknown to ADAM or EVE. Those purple streams that were wont to flow through the fibres of nature, and give activity to the vivid arteries of youth, are suddenly relaxed in their daily course, and become motionless, pale, and cold; the crimson hue that adorned and beautified his chearful countenance, is, like a blossom of snow, vanished from sight, and an icy stiffness substituted, to fix a permanent chillness on his once bloomy cheeks—thus lies ABEL, the favorite

favorite of heaven, extended on the mossy bank, by the side of his staring and hungry flock, bleating for daily food from his tender nurture—he lies inactive—plunged unpreparedly into that dubious state thou speakest of, by the hand of CAIN, his brother! What have I done? Will he not again resume life, to renew his daily diligence?—to present his acceptable sacrifices to his God, and his prayers to Heaven, to pacify offended wrath upon CAIN? I will hasten again unto him.—Father, follow thou me.”

CAIN outran his father, and came first to the horrid spot where ABEL still lay.—“I will,” said he, “with tears of lamentation, wipe the clotted blood from his lovely face before my father come, and pour over him the plaintive accents of my wounded soul; and in pensive strains of grievous melancholy, utter with mournful sadness the language of despair and repentance! —My brother! my brother! Have these  
hands

hands produced the direful effects, originating in our parent's first fall?—Is this death? Is this the change pronounced upon the children of ADAM? Is this the curse denounced for eating the forbidden fruit? Is this the road allotted for all mankind to travel from earth to Heaven? ABEL, thou answerest me not—He continueth solemnly silent! every organ of sense is deprived of its necessary properties; the whole body overhung with gloomy sadness, and regardless of CAIN's bitter reproaches on himself, he peaceably lays at rest.—CAIN, ignominious infamy hast thou entailed upon thy posterity! Behold the direful consequences of thy implacable malice against an inoffensive brother; where gentleness and meekness were always treasured up to receive thee into his arms with fraternal and tender embraces.—Heaven must be shocked at thy unnatural transformation from a brother to a murderer! detestable must thou be to thy own remembrance, to presume to limit the boundaries of Heaven's

Heaven's will, by destroying a life which thou neither gavest nor can restore!—  
Here cometh my father in tears.—

“ADAM, behold thy son—step forward and touch him. Is this death?” ADAM, after a few moments recovering from his shock, exclaimed—“Cursed art thou in the sight of God; and impiously infamous will be the descendants of thy loins.”—  
“Curse me not, ADAM! the curses of ABEL alone from the ground will sink me! Behold he is putrifying; he is hastening with swift dissolution to corruption, and presently be united in nature with the earth that supports him—CAIN laments him—CAIN by him unnoticed.—What, father, must now be done?—Lift up thy hand against CAIN, and retaliate with the blood of thy first-born, for the death of thy younger son, that CAIN may accompany ABEL through the unknown regions of death.”—“No, CAIN; vengeance belongeth unto God.” ADAM now looking upon ABEL cries out—“My child! my child!



child! ABEL my son!—he answereth not his father! This must be to *die*! This must be *death*! From this hour must ADAM and EVE bid adieu to joy; for the father of men has lived to see, before he tasted, death. I will go and fetch thy mother to be a witness to the power of death.”—

“No, father, wound not her tender feelings with the woeful sight.”—

“O CAIN, this act of thine must exceed the threatened curse! The life of ABEL was the gift of God—he alone had authority to take it away. Woe be unto thee! Thou hast involved us all in the guilty scene! The blood of ABEL will pierce the skies, and invoke Almighty vengeance for wrath upon us. Fly with rapidity, if creation can produce a cavern of darkness fit for thee! haste upon the wings of conscious timidity, and hide thee, if possible, from the presence of God! But alas! no rock so dark, no cave so deep, but the eyes of Omniscience will detect thee! No works of creation,

tion, ever so dismal or dreary, that would display such clemency as to admit thee within the bosoms of their obscurity, or vainly attempt to secure thee from the penetrations of Omnipotence! Humble thyself, therefore, before him—Let the smarting wounds of increasing penitence be mingled with the tears of deep contrition, and unremittingly presented through the bitter channel of painful remorse, to the Throne of Heaven. Let humiliating protestations daily, hourly, nay, every minute of thy existence, accompany fervently thy lamentable supplications, that the sacrifice of keen anguish may, in a small measure, be proportionable to the magnitude of thy crime. We know not the will of God; the wisdom of infinity is unsearchable; it exceeds our shallow capacities; our ideas are too confined to judge thereof; he can—he may be merciful where mercy is not due, and pardon sins that to us may appear unpardonable—Let, therefore, thy sorrow be unfeigned; thy penitence devoutly sincere; and

and without relaxation or intermission persevere to the end of thy days ; but be not vainly deceived with the expectation of comfort or consolation from ADAM, for his riper years are incapable of administering it unto thee.—

“ Behold my *child!* thy brother ! there he lieth ! *Abel!* my son ! my *child!* he lies extended—he is no more ! Silence dwelleth within him ! Peace abideth with him. O CAIN, my son ! I will forbear longer to encrease thy anguish, by extenuating thy guilt.—*Henceforward, O my soul, be thou patiently silent, and submissively resigned to the heavenly stroke with an heavenly firmness.—*CAIN.—“ Father.”—“ Join me to commit his cold corpse to the earth, to its native parent dust ; for God spoke unto thy father—“ *For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*”

“ After discharging this last mournful office for my child, I will return to EVE thy mother,

mother, and communicate unto her the doleful tidings; and haste thou to appease thy offended God."

This last office of paternal love being with solemnity and tears discharged, the parent of mankind, with mournful and broken accents, bids adieu to the grave of ABEL, and takes farewell of unhappy CAIN; and with wringing hands, and eyes overflowing with waters of grief, he hastens through the shady bowers, moistening the grass with the tears of lamentation, in search of EVE his wife. EVE, impatiently waiting the result of her husband and son's conversation, was eagerly prepared to hear the news from the mouth of ADAM.—He attempts to speak—utterance was denied him; faltering was his half lengthened syllables; and by long and forced expressions, was the melancholy catastrophe announced to the mother of men—to the mother of ABEL the *dead*—She no sooner comprehended a sufficiency of ADAM's inarticulate words, to dispel all doubts in her mind, but her whole



nature within her, with an unusual shriek, gave way to the unexpected shock; the voice of her agonies reached the very skies! In vain did ADAM apply every effort that tenderness and reason could dictate to reconcile her dejected mind to the weighty intelligence; but anguish had taken too deep root for conjugal affection to remove; and extended on the cold element, she laid in an almost state of non-existence; when at last coming to reason, she lift up her eyes towards ADAM with consternation, and cries out—

“Where are my two sons?” CAIN, being now come within hearing of his mother’s voice, with the terrors of guilt and self-cutting reproaches, flies towards the spot, and falling with his face to the ground, exclaims—

“Woe is me! on me be the curse! on me be the vengeance that Heaven has reserved for man’s first disobedience—On me, O God, display thy wrath!” ADAM was  
speech-

speechless—Eve almost senseless—neither capable of giving vent to the emotions of pity or anger. The scene was affecting—It was too distressing for the already wretched patricide to support; and with the terrors of conviction, inseparable from conscious guilt, and surrounded with the direful apprehensions of lamenting despair, he quits the mournful spot of his almost lifeless parent, and ruminates sorrowfully where to fly to procure peace to his soul, and, if possible, to escape the vigilance of his God.—“I will again return,” says he, “to the sacred spot that faithfully encloseth in its bowels the body of ABEL, now compounded with clay, and waiting its portion of time to mingle with its native dust.” Thus said, he hastens towards the habitation of death—when behold a voice from the clouds, like the rattling of provoked thunder, speaks to him with the majesty of *Omnipotence*.—

“WHERE IS ABEL THY BROTHER?”

Struck with horror, guilt, and fear, the infernal tempter was at hand, and insinuated into him a quick reply—" *I know not : Am I my brother's keeper ?*" Immediately sentence of condign punishment was inflicted upon him by the GREAT JEHOVAH; and, to screen him from the dangers of the many enemies the bloody act had exposed him unto from future generations, the Lord distinguished him from the rest of mankind by a guilty mark. What this mark was, Scripture is silent; consequently we can only form conjectures, every one as their imagination leads them. If my opinion may be given, (and which I do not wish to force upon another) it was this—*That conscious terror that displays itself in the countenance of every murderer, when the question is confronted unto him with strong suspicions, with this important difference—that it was always manifest in the face of Cain, as the concomitant of guilt, to the day of his death.*

CAIN having received the chastising maledictions of provoked Heaven, heavily  
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proceeds towards the grave of ABEL: languishing as he walks, he bemoans, with grievous lamentation, the empire that sin had erected within him; and with heart-rending complaints, on the eve of distraction, he arrives at the mournful spot! *the sad hillock of death!* and, in strains of pensive sadness, bedewed the hollow turf that covered the mangled body of the innocent victim, with tears of inconsolable anguish—After a few minutes sobbing and bewailing his forfeited bliss over ABEL's grave, he exclaims to himself—"This is forbidden ground—the sacrifice of unspotted purity rests concealed under this grassy hillock; defile not the ground by thy footsteps, consecrated to the relicks of virtue—polluted by thy evil, it is now become sacred by admitting into its bosom the remains of perfective innocence. I must withdraw! the sharpened darts of piercing remembrance wounds my soul afresh. Adieu, thou virtuous spot, adieu! The sentence of Heaven's frowns, replete with foreboding gloom, must be now fulfilled, and CAIN be banish-



ed into regions unknown; where penitence may produce peace, and solitude procure lost tranquility. O wretched man! miserable CAIN! to meditate death on the endearing fountain of innocence, where it never entered the heart to cherish a thought tending to thy disquiet, much less thy death! execrable, foul, and black the deed: yet darkness must provide thee a cell to pour out thy complaints, and dedicate thy soul to Heaven. Admonition from my father may be now salutary and and beneficial to me: I will again return and request his advice and benediction: he will not disdain to hear my plea."

Thus said, he returns to his father and mother. ADAM beheld him advancing, and drawing towards him, perceives the *mark* of GOD, and says—"CAIN, what is this? thy countenance has the appearance of nature's transmutation!" CAIN replies—"Father, give ear to the words of the unhappy! CAIN thy son has seen the Lord—the decree of justice is passed. Thus spake the  
GOD

GOD of Heaven—" *A fugitive and vagabond shalt thou be.*"—Earth is forbidden to CAIN its increase—the MARK of Heaven is his security from bloody men—make known unto me the path to steer my course for calm consolation; distressful as the hour, yet welcome would be the messenger of death. Can forlorn hopes, can humble acquiescence to Divine mandates, dispel the turbulency of raving madness? Retaliate ADAM for the blood of ABEL, by solicitation for Heaven's permission to disunite the soul and body of CAIN.—He is, he can be no more than an incumbrance on the earth—the ground whereon his foot resteth will be defiled by the pressure of his image—barrenness will proceed after the footsteps of the cursed delinquent. I must die!—help me to die! The sin exceeds the extent of mercy!—The abominable crime will not admit of Heaven's favor."

Thus he importunes ADAM to take away his life. ADAM was silent—He again proceeds—

"My soul wants deliverance from the bondage of a growing sensation that holds it in captivity from the enjoyment of every domestic and filial endearment."

ADAM speaks—"No, CAIN—the will of God must be obeyed."

EVE scarcely recovered from her first confused state of mind, at ADAM's relating the melancholy event, could barely summon fortitude enough to enter into a renewed discourse with CAIN or her husband—but she thus begins—

"ADAM, my spouse, my other half, let us not anticipate evil—there is an Almighty Providence who ruleth all worldly mutations, and where celestial goodness deigns to protect and provide for the feeblest insect and twisting reptile—Comfort CAIN, that he may not plunge us into increasing troubles by distrusting the clemency of his God—dejection sitteth on his brow—his attitude is that of madness! Join thy feelings with mine,

mine, ADAM, and let us mingle compassion with his flowing agonies—We may associate paternal pity and commiseration, at the same time we hold in detestation the enormity of his crime—let not the curses of the whole creation conjunctively deprive him of our parental love, jointly and separately.

CAIN was still in a posture of deep humiliation—his grief over-balanced the powers of impressed nature, and his soul heavy laden with the burthen of affliction; the flowing drops issue from his swollen eyes, and fall to the ground like globulets of an heavy storm, the sound of which roused ADAM and EVE from their state of deep consideration how to advise him—when suddenly, as if guided by the hand of instinct, they look in the face of CAIN, and without uttering a word both fell prostrate with their faces to the earth, and moistened the grass with the dumb waters of sympathy.

Thus our first parents lay, deprived of the organ of speech, but with groaning and



lamentations that echoed through the whole diversity of nature's delightful space—the utmost boundaries of creation were smitten with the uncommon sound—all the inhabitants of the forest were disturbed by the unusual echoes—The ravenous beast of prey, the winged tribe of vocal harmony, the insects that hovered in the airy element, and the little unnoticed reptile that twirls under foot, felt the effects of murder, and thrown into an unusual profound silence and terror; neither motion, voice, or sound could be perceived on that side EDEN, but the broken, the plaintive accents of ADAM and EVE.

CAIN stood like an engraven statue of raving phrenzy, speechless and motionless, with eyes intensely fixed upon his father and mother. Thus lay the first parents of mankind—thus stands before them the first murderer in the world.

The sun was now declining, and drawing speedily towards the close of its daily course—the luminous brightness and warmth proceeding

ceeding from the exhalations of his radiant beams, was powerfully diminished, and the chilling damps from the surface of the earth made their gradual and forcible approaches, so that ADAM and EVE began to experience the sensitive effects of cold and advancing night. Reason being a little recovered, they arose—EVE first, and ADAM followed: she opens her lips to ADAM, and speaks thus—

“ADAM, ’tis prudent, ’tis the counsel of discretion, for us to put a restraint upon immoderate grief, and not indulge the woes of an irretrievable malady.”

Then embracing ADAM as her partner in calamity, she thus begins—

“ADAM, my husband, the joy of my soul—see before us our first-born, sinking under the load of dreadful expectation; although the title of parental softness is forfeited, let us not withhold from him the compassion of pity—Is not that established in the bowels of our affection? What must

be done? Give me lessons of instruction, and I will deliver them with approved admonition to your unfortunate son: I can promise myself success from thy mature and ripened deliberations: behold him before us!—'tis a melting scene: let us be tender towards him; it may reduce his soul to serenity, or we know not what a fatal moment of distraction may produce; when all the faculties are in a state of derangement, he may add iniquity to iniquity, and commit a suicide on himself. If this evil also befall us, unceasing and unavailing sorrow must accompany us all the days of our life; the pleasures of every sacred as well as moral duties will be banished from us; and all private consolations in our various circumstances of life will feel its effect; even in the midst of these unforeseen vicissitudes that our Maker has ordained for us to encounter, it will obstruct us in paying obedience to the Divine commands, by a continual preying upon our vital parts, rendering us incapable and unfit for the services required of us: besides, ADAM, thou knowest the Lord is  
mer-

merciful; he tempers judgment with clemency; there are still beams of hope left for our child; the Lord preserved *us* from destruction for the first transgression; we involved our children and their successive generations in sin to the end of time, or CAIN would have been a stranger to jealousy or hatred to his brother; give reflection a seat in thy bosom—May we not justly attribute a portion of CAIN's crime to our first fall? We planted the seeds of sin, he only plucked the fruit; and 'tis impossible for us in this infantile state of nature to conceive the different kinds and qualities of fruit that will be produced from the tree of sin that we planted; they will differ widely in degrees of magnitude and circumstance; yet all, proportionable to their enormity, destructive of that primeval innocence in which we were created—Let us endeavour to relieve his depression, to administer consolation unto him, and with joyful gratulation he will return chearful thankfulness—leave him not sinking under the weight of ingrafted impiety, transfused into him with his mother's milk—CAIN was  
not



not the first sinner—Are not *we* also banished the presence of the LORD? still we have hope; let us hope also for our child. If the increase of the earth is withheld from the labours of his own tillage, still nature itself is abundantly sufficient to supply all his wants. The LORD has rejected his future sacrifices; then CAIN need not till the ground—Pardon is treasured up in Heaven for repentance, or ADAM and EVE would be now as ABEL.

“Speak, my husband; what words shall I utter to my son? Let me alleviate the pain, if I cannot prevent the growth of grief by nature allotted him, or it will eat deeper into his soul, beyond the penetration of parental feelings, and beyond the power of compassion to mollify.”

ADAM all this time was soberly attentive to the words of EVE, but could not subdue the rising tumults of passion against CAIN, that did at intervals force itself upon him; but still he strived against the depressions  
that

that human infirmities made upon his mind; he strived in vain to stop the sources that produced sighs and moans for his child; he attempted to unbosom his mind in compliance to EVE, but the power and vivacity of utterance had left him, and like a lifeless image he falls again to the earth.

CAIN was no longer able to support himself under the melancholy scene, and began to exclaim against himself in the most poignant accents of grief—

“CAIN, CAIN, witness the effects of thy obduracy! consider the baneful consequences of thy lustful enmity against thy brother! Behold thy father surrendering up life to the cold mansions of mortality, by the tedious weapons of a soul wounded malady; by slow approaches to his native earth, to accompany ABEL, his son, in glory!—Behold also thy mother, with a heart softened by the melting compassion of plaintive sympathy, unable to keep within their limited bounds the watery drops, or heart-bursting sighs: turn also thy  
eyes

eyes towards yonder spot, where resteth in peace the innocent victim of thy fury."—

He now addresses ADAM—"My father, if thou still retainest life, cast thine eyes upon CAIN, ere death removes his soul into the boundless regions of eternity, and banish him thy presence for ever—Life is a burthen—existence is become insupportable—the cruelties of death will be a balm; it will deliver my soul from the bondage of relentless remorse and bitter torture—the execution of Heaven's wrath cannot exceed the torments of a stinging conscience.—Father, farewell! I die!—The hand that severed ABEL from thy bosom shall remove CAIN from thy sight, and leave thee childless—a similar stroke will produce a similar effect, and consequences must be left to future revelation.

ADAM, by a sudden emotion proceeding from those terrible words of CAIN, and trembling at the baneful project nourishing in the bosom of his son, looks up, and in  
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that moment of perturbation, with the trembling of nature upon him, fell upon the neck of CAIN, and embraced him in the extacy of charity and love, and thus he begins—

“ My first-born ! my elder child !—Assume the man ! be thyself !—A frozen horror has iced up thy intellects in defiance of reason, and raging madness has taken possession of thee—thy irregular conception of things deceive thee, and will deprive thee from enjoying those succours that are reserved in Heaven for the unfortunate—God ALMIGHTY is ingenious in distributing mercy, and extendeth it as much beyond our comprehension as beyond our deserts ; and turneth not a deaf ear to the returning penitent and reclaimed sinner.—Drive contemptuously from the recesses of thy soul all those subtle and ensnaring insinuations, that are obtruded upon thy disordered senses by the first great revolter from Heaven and deceiver of men—Thy life is the sole prerogative of God—let him be thy judge—let him be thy  
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executioner—let his will be thy law; and as thy days are prolonged, let thy prayers be incessant; embrace gratefully the season of life, that unwearied devotion may atone for thy guilt—steadfastly adhere unto, and perseveringly discharge with close application, the duties thou hast hitherto neglected—sacrifice with grateful pleasure every vain delight that has hitherto been aiding to immerge thee in sin; and with praises devout dedicate thy future days to the shrine of morality and religion—chuse prudence for a directory in all thy desires, and temperance be compounded with all thy gratifications; and forget not the sacred obligations due unto Heaven for granting thee space to make thy peace with God—Such pious emotions will inspire thee with zealous fervency, and the beneficence of Heaven will be more apparently visible unto thee—Almighty clemency will be more eminently manifested to thy conceptions, and thy present contracted ideas of Divine inspiration will shine with more captivating lustre in thy soul; the bright perfections of Omniscieny will dispel  
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from thy breast those obscure imaginations, that almost reduce thee to an inanimate being—It is the Lord that pardons; therefore let not the extremities of despair drive thee to madness. ABEL thy brother has not forfeited his right to the inheritance of Heaven by his untimely dissolution; but thou, by sacrificing thy own life to the passion of terror, excludeth thyself from all redemption, and cover, by the veil of suicide, all prospect of future felicity; therefore, my child, be calm; maintain a manly fortitude in thy breast; consider the conspicuity of God's *goodness and greatness*, in all the works of creation; and our chearful obedience to his precepts, is like undefiled virtue that brings with it its own reward; be watchful, that thy future conduct may not be defiled with sin, to plunge thee inevitably into the dark and horrible labyrinth of endless agony: our sins though numerous, and in magnitude astonishing, yet the love of God towards us will still be superior in justice and in mercy. 'Tis proper—'tis needful, that thy mind should be occasionally checked with the reflections

reflections on ABEL's death, and produce within thee some painful remonstrances; yet still rest thou upon thy GOD; establish piety and holiness within thee, and, with laborious exertions, cultivate a future integrity and uprightness all the days of thy life—Be quick, and obey the Divine mandate; seek some remote spot to take up thy dwelling amongst the inoffensive guiltless; those irrational inhabitants of creation that are untainted with corrupted principles of man, and, by the instinct of pure nature, they may console thy plaintive accents—the luxuriant branches of the grove, the variegated shrubs of the field, may, with the melody of their pliable movements, lull thy soul to repose.—Thy reflections thus encompassed on all sides, may, for a season, banish from thy memory the disconsolate situation of thy forsaken parents—With speed begone—obey the voice of the Lord—abandon this spot—become loathsome by dejection, and find a seat of meditation more consistent with the unsettled circumstances of thy soul—shun the dwelling of ADAM and EVE, that frequent interviews with

with the parents of sorrow may neither impede or restrain thee in the exercises of emulation and penitence : go where contrition, gratitude, and adoration to God demands all the pious servitude thy lengthened days can present ; relish with pleasure the duties enjoined, and let the task be delightful and pleasing—this will be a balm to thy calamity, and banish despondency from the door of thy heart, and the powers of grief gradually abate within thee—Prayer and praise will be as bulwarks unto thee to enable thee to conflict with thy oppressive imaginations ; and proportionable to thy perseverance will the beatitudes of God be displayed.

“ This CAIN, is the road—these are the footsteps thou must pursue, and thy assiduity herein will be crowned with success—Let not thy thoughts delude thee ; for, by attempting to retaliate on ABEL’s death on any other terms, the God of all the earth will reject, and nip in the bud every promising irregularity within thee—guard against thy heart, for know thou, it is desperately wicked



wicked; it is outrageous, and requires the chains of unshaken resolutions to keep it in subjection, and within the bounds of moderation; thou knowest what is good, and hast already experienced the knowledge of evil; curb all passions, and permit no vice to reign predominant within thee—be watchful, that Satan may have no dominion over thee. Cherish these admonitions of thy father, and virtue will still add reverence to thy years; and thy lengthened days will be accompanied with hopes to the grave.

“CAIN, thy father has discharged his duty, and bids thee farewell—*Farewell, my child!*”

“*My father, farewell—Eve, my mother, farewell!* Parents of mankind, farewell!”

EVE, unable to sustain herself under the impressive weight of affliction, thus began—

“My child! my first-born! and must the sorrows of EVE be her annual consecration?”

cration? Must tears alone be her daily consolation for the loss of both her sons? ADAM, review thy admonition: let not paternal counsel exceed the limits of needful precaution. Hast thou closed up the bowels of compassion? Canst thou reconcile thy parental feelings to thy child's continual absence? Wouldst thou exclude him for ever our sight? Be not lost to sensation—thou speakest to CAIN, while thy eyes and thy heart was with ABEL: thy affection for the dead divested thee of sympathy for the living son—I doubt not his sincerity—all his vital parts are oppressed with conviction; not a member in his whole frame that has escaped the powerful agitation—he seems inflexible on contrition—the stormy seasons of boisterous mutations are gone and past; he detests his crime, and longeth to seek refuge in the bosom of penitence—his future days will be regulated by the standard of truth; and holiness and righteousness be established within him for ever—as thou spakest unto him with serenity, he listened to his father with instruction, and the sage council of years had  
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the desired effect—Can there be danger? May not our child, at the expiration of revolving seasons, return again to his disconsolate parents, and cheer their drooping spirits, by removing their deep rooted grief? We shall then be joyful witnesses of his improving accomplishments; we shall see him growing to perfection in the knowledge and practice of those duties that constitute happiness and peace of mind, and ADAM and EVE partakers of CAIN's tranquility—it must gladden the hearts of his parents, to behold the happy change—a pleasing confirmation—an enlivening to our souls; and in the midst of solitude create in us a rapturous devotion to celebrate praises to Heaven! those obstacles of gloomy doubtfulness that will at intervals intrude upon our moments of retirement, will be kept at a reasonable distance, as is requisite for our more serious performance of religious duties, and rendering our services in obedience to the Almighty's will—it will strengthen our fortitude to encounter patiently all those afflictive smarts that will occasionally dart into our souls, and occupy  
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the recess of our hearts almost unmolested ; and thus, from groundless fears, we shall accumulate upon ourselves real evils—we are, as well as CAIN, strangers to the inward workings of Heaven ; neither know we the secret intentions of the Lord in these things.

“ ADAM, speak again to CAIN—press upon him his zealous obedience to his covenanted God, and solemnly remind him of his renewed engagements ; and when the melodious voice of peace has established its dwelling within him, and he finds his soul purified with calm and holy gladness, and an uninterrupted converse with Heaven has procured him a sweet complacency of mind, he may, thus prepared for our embraces, return to his parents again ; and, under the auspices of Heaven’s favor, pay the duties of filial gratitude to his parents—this will cheer us under hourly depressions, and give us comfort in our acquiescence to Providence—we can be aiding unto him by a cultivation of virtuous seeds in his mind ; the beneficence of Providence will become more conspicuous



unto him; and his ideas of Heaven be more enlarged and refined, and fitted for the digestion of Divine revelation.

“ Speak thus, ADAM, to the child of thy bosom ; it will be salutary to the heart of thy wife.”

ADAM, at this last and earnest solicitation of EVE, seemed to be wrought upon by her arguments, and inclined to charity towards CAIN—he drew such conclusions from her words as had weighty influence upon his own judgment, and thus began again to discourse with CAIN—

“ My son, is there yet a branch of virtue left within thee? or one grain of seed centered within thee, not yet buried in the bowels of evil, whereon thy father may place a shadow of hope? Is there yet a vacuity unoccupied by the flames or ashes of sin, that a virtuous deed may take possession?”

CAIN

CAIN answereth. "What sayest thou, my father?"

ADAM replies—"What are the motions of thy heart? Is there a stability in thy vows to Heaven? Do unshaken resolutions and firmness of mind unite together to oppose the encroachments of thy soul, that have hitherto put all morality to defiance?"

CAIN with broken accents, and words scarce intelligible, replies to ADAM—"Father, suspect me not—a second evil cannot be produced from a first that is finally eradicated root and branch; the malignancy of sin is apparent unto CAIN in all its odious deformities, and the rebellious fiend is subdued by the sorrows of conviction; his former insinuations are abolished and become annihilated in CAIN—religion shall reign as sovereign over the empire of his soul, and supplications to Heaven shall never cease—reason beginneth to abound, and steadfastness of thought remaineth with him—CAIN knoweth to aspire towards Heaven is to be humbled at

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the footstool of its throne—*Sin* has been compounded with all CAIN's actions ; but is not *mercy* tempered with GOD's *justice*?—shame is visible in my countenance, and the *mark* of conscious guilt condemns me ; so shall my repentance be demonstrated by simplicity : to GOD will I apply ; by GOD will the necessary succours be administered—persecutions from men shall not sink me, nor tribulations of conviction weigh me down—to shameful actions I will be estranged, that creation may not blush again at my guilt ; moderation shall be the regulator of my desires ; and my petitions justifiable, that they may be accepted, and return unto me bountiful, and the blessings impressed on me with grateful joy—CAIN can defy Satan ; the helmet of Heaven is proof against his assaults, and courageously can he combat the tempter—seduction shall no more invite him, nor perfidy any more harrass him—discontent shall no longer abide with him, nor sadness damp his chearfulness.”

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Here CAIN ended, and again addressed his father with a farewell—"Parent, farewell! again I bid adieu to this spot of rural innocence, and fly to regions unknown!"

"CAIN, my child! my blessing! and may the presence and munificence of Almighty benediction await thee, and accompany thee to the retirements of solitude!—Farewell!—Farewell!"—

EVE now approached towards CAIN with the sinking steps of paternal affections and maternal feelings, and almost drowned in tears of sympathetic tenderness, dropping almost imperceptibly from her overflown eyes, not able to contain the heart-feeling moisture, while she took a fainting embrace from her child!

"EVE," says ADAM, "our son is now taking his leave of this beautiful spot; let us hope the remembrance of it will be engraved on his bosom, and cheer him in his moments of devotion."



“ My child, my child !” said EVE, and down she dropped, unable to proceed—ADAM raised her on her knees—“ What says the wife of my bosom ?—Speak to thy son.”—“ Heaven accompany him !” said she, and down she fell—ADAM again raised her, and she faints in his arms—CAIN ran to a murmuring brook, and brought water, and sprinkled on the face of his mother—she came to herself, and began—“ May thy resolutions be strengthened with thy days, and the glorious brightness of heavenly splendor surround thee with benign consolation in the gloomy mansions of thy different retirements ; improve thy mental powers with the attentive cares of prudence, and let thy daily adorations be presented with unremitting diligence ; and remember that the Lord thy God is privy to all thy thoughts, thy words, and thy actions—treasure up in thy soul the words of thy parents, and bid them adieu !—Farewell, my child ! farewell !”

ADAM

ADAM again embraces him; and with the language of sorrow, scarcely articulate, speaks unto him—"My son, darkness is approaching—in a few hours night will becloud the atmosphere, and all creation be dressed in sable melancholy; we must resign to the mournful separation—begone; 'tis more than frail nature can support to look upon thee. Behold EVE thy mother; she is sinking under the pressure of weeping grief—thy father trembles like the approaching dissolution of mortality; embrace the present inanimate moment, and fly our sight—begone; I sink! EVE is swooning! Life is almost obscured—speak no more."

"Farewell, my parents; I go; adieu! I am gone! farewell! farewell!—Look not behind you to meet the languishing eyes of CAIN, that without the emotion of additional unquiet, he may, to the utmost bounds of sight, have a glimmering perspective of his beloved parents, and escape the poignant wound that their distorted features

would make upon his soul—Now I go; I go, my parents; I go; farewell! I am gone! My father and mother, farewell!’

ADAM and EVE both together, at this instant, like the voice of one soul, without looking at CAIN, cried out—“ *Adieu, our child! Adieu!*”

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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*C A I N ' S*  
LAMENTATIONS OVER  
A B E L.

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BOOK THE SECOND.

THE irregular imaginations that now succeed each other in the mind of CAIN gave all nature the appearance of a new creation; every visible object strikes an awful consideration into his soul—he soon begins to collect his scattered reason, and bring to mind the state from whence he was fallen, and to pacify his soul by a composed reconciliation to the inflictive chastisement of God, and with calm fortitude submit to these dispensations of Providence—and thus began to commune with himself—



“ I am still an inhabitant, although a stranger to the beauties of creation—Where will my wandering footsteps lead me? A solemn and sad silence must be my nightly as well as daily companion; and the peaceful habitation of ADAM and EVE will produce renewed bitterness to my reflections. I would hope for consolation—then says ADAM my father, “ Build thy expectations upon penitence.”—“ Religion is my aim;” then says EVE my mother—“ Cultivate an acquaintance with thy GOD!”—Peace of mind I would compound with lengthened days; then conscience tells me—“ to plant the seeds of contrition with double care, and daily water them with tears of remorse, and thou shalt reap the fruit of tranquility—petition Heaven, the source of good, and its spiritual essence will not be denied thee—let an emulative increase of virtuous actions prompt thee forward, and thou wilt attain a sufficiency of power to withstand and accumulate a portion of pious resignation, to enable thee to encounter courageously with all the temptations and tribulations that will  
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occasionally and unexpectedly befall thee.”—  
 Ye skies! ye stars! ye angels! all ye the  
 glorified host of Heaven, and all ye the  
 whole created face of Heaven, earth, and  
 sea; all ye that are the works of the *One  
 great God*, and witnesses to the first wound  
 that was given to the son of ADAM—a deed  
 that stained the whole face of nature with  
 blood!—a deed the most heinous that can  
 be recorded in the acts of pollution—’tis  
 you, ye perfect works of GOD, that I en-  
 treat, to lend my wandering steps your  
 influence—to render me your friendly guid-  
 ance through the untrodden expanse of  
 creation, yet unknown and untraced by the  
 foot of man, and bring my weary limbs to rest  
 upon a spot most suitably adapted to the  
 forlorn circumstances of my soul—the  
 GREAT beneficent CREATOR will not reject  
 your supplications for me!”

Pausing awhile to rest himself, he says  
 again, “CAIN, be silent—thy phrenzy is  
 leading thee to distraction!—thy addresses

are vain! thou art degrading the Most High—these are no more than *created Beings*, —incapable of gratifying thy wishes; 'tis offending Heaven with sinful equalities—to God direct thy voice (to whose laws thou art a convicted and condemned criminal) for guidance, that thy banishment from the fertile plains of thy nativity may be wisely accommodated to thy state.”—Thus CAIN slowly proceeds, while the feeble rays of the luminary host were barely sufficient to reflect the image of creation to his ideas, and the bright splendor of the more luminous orb was concealed under the thickness of the beclouded atmosphere. CAIN now perceiving that darkness was making its rapid advances, in an extasy of rapture, lifts up his hands towards Heaven, and exclaims—

“ O God, nothing in nature appears in a state of imperfection but CAIN—Every thing in its kind vents reproaches on the unhappy by their uncorrupted offerings of adoration—the more extensive my surveys, the more confirmed are my speculations, that all the beauties

beauties of the world are only comparative shadows to the majesty of thy works—all nature, except man, answers the purpose of creation—Oh! could the horrors of recollection be erased from my mind, that there ever existed a second son of ADAM, then the clouds of anguish would be dissipated from CAIN—These are the hopes of delusion—these are phantoms that occupy the brain.—*Night*, cloathed in mournful obscurity, is near at hand—darkness may administer a relax, though not produce a deprivation of my anxieties—Softly I tread the tender herbage, and stain the blades with the crimson hue of guilty blood—Presently all nature will be hushed in solemn sadness, and every reproachful object be hid in the mournful mansion of visible obscurity. I will embrace the season to diffuse gratitude unto my Maker, and for a moment bid adieu to wretchedness, and my vital parts experience a short relax from the sensation of external accusers, and seek consolation at the footstool of GOD: shallow as my finite comprehensions are, there may be some rays of  
*infinite*



*infinite* love reserved for me, and ere the morning sun again illuminate the boundless plains of nature, the voice of instruction may descend from Heaven to direct my fugitive feet to a convenient asylum; (to rescue me from the numerous tribes of wounded complaints that will make their appearance with the rising sun) and concealed under the wings of Almighty protection, struggle only with the tremblings and pangs that are become as united companions to my conscience!—Night is come!—thou art welcome!—Alas! I deceive myself! there is another interval of feeble light, and the gloominess of night diminishes!—the moon penetrates through the opening clouds, and I can behold my own shadow! then I must not prognosticate peace; patience must longer abide with me—and let me draw instructive lessons from the vicissitudes of the evening—'tis vanity to be lavish of my hopes—'tis sinful to exalt my ignoble expectations; and transported views will only plunge me into deeper misery—my sins are manifest; retaliation is requisite; and vain thoughts  
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and disguised comfort must be kept at a becoming distance—their dangerous tendency my soul has woefully felt ; their dismal effects have already severely smarted me. What have been hitherto the days of the years of CAIN?—Ignorance and folly began them, pain and sorrow now attend them—preserve the end of them, O LORD, from everlasting destruction.—Thou art *merciful*, make me supplicating—thou art glorious, make me humble—thou art *gracious*, make me thankful. If CAIN cannot restore the life of ABEL, teach him how to obtain remission for the crime ; actuate him by a lively improvement in religion, that the *glory* may be celebrated by his humiliation ; and stimulated by conviction, may keep in due exercise all his rational faculties, for the promulgation of holiness and righteousness in his soul, so that at the last he may arrive to a peaceful tranquility !”

Thus communed CAIN with himself as he soberly drew forward into the thickening grove, when suddenly a rustling among the  
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interwoven branches with an hideous howl obstructed his progress, and struck an icy chillness into his whole frame ; but supported by the power of faith in his God, he ventures on, and faintly beheld the beautiful spots that curiously adorned the untamed and ferocious leopard, whose ferocity itself was reduced to a state of panic terror at the sight of MAN! such destruction had *sin* made on the irrational ideas of the *brute* creation.—CAIN with consternation beheld him, and the terrified beast makes half stares in return, with eyes sparkling with savage voracity, eager to devour, but fearful to attack the disturber of his rest, and with stern looks and a hideous roar, he turns tail, and flies affrighted into the wood. Every concomitant of alarming apprehensions now possessed CAIN's imaginations, and no commiseration near, nor consoling friend to participate in his fears, and he thus speaks to himself—

“ Vain conceptions deceive me—there are mutations requisite in the nature of CAIN, that requires the wisdom and power of Omnipotence

*inipotence* to bring to pass—terror will still accompany guilt—My soul is confounded within me—the frightful monster discomposed all my contemplations, and substituted an impression of dread—the hardened, the premeditated impiety of CAIN precludes all self abilities to reclaim; the performance exceeds the limits of his intellectual capacities; it cannot be done without the aid of Heaven. A wretched outcast, a notorious delinquent, cannot become virtuous, unless the change is conducted through the channel of Heaven. Can the thoughts, can the actions of one be pure whose conduct was never regulated by an upright rule? Can a fratricide become a moral of perfection? O CAIN! contract thy ideas of future happiness—extend not thy hopes beyond due deliberation—repentance must be the unwearied production of time—thy flattering expectations of solitude may deceive thee; it may prove unto thee as dreaming delusions—Ages to come cannot recompence what is past. Hast thou tears in store sufficient to wash the vessel of thy enormities clean? Canst thou  
render



render up unto GOD sacrifices of affliction proportionable to thy brother's blood? Let not thine eyes be blinded—hide not the secrets of thy heart from thyself; leave not a vacuum; permit not a cavity to remain unsearched, that dark conclusions may not abide with thee. Can a leopard affright thee? How then facest thou thy GOD that in a moment can crush thee? Thou attemptest to draw realities from almost improbabilities—before another setting sun all nature may be to thee as nothing—Degrade not thy present knowledge with darkened prospects; for thy first enemy is still assailing thee under different disguises.”

Into this discomposed state was the soul of CAIN thrown by the equally affrighted beast, and self accusations against himself; and from the effects of gloomy apprehensions and fear of repeated temptations, his calmness and serenity had again forsaken him, and thus was his mind incumbered with foreboding disasters—he softly and fearfully passes the entangled branches, which retarded

tarded his cautious motions by their twisted fibres—he again began to talk with himself—

“ This place is peculiarly adapted to a contemplative and innocent mind—What sayest thou CAIN?—*Innocence!*—Thou hast forfeited that inheritance—It may be recoverable.”

The sable cloathing of darkness had now almost extinguished the feeble light that at intervals penetrated through the opening clouds, and he looks about for a thickened covert, wherein to take his night's repose; and at a small distance perceived an enclosure uncommonly close, composed of brambles, woodbines. and briars, so firmly united, it represented to his view, by the help of glimmering light, an arbour of shrubby sweetness—“ Here concealed,” says he, “ I may get ease from affliction.” As cautiously and softly as he trod the dewy moss, yet still with an impressive consternation he perceived that almost every step produced a discord  
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amongst the interwoven branches ; the harmless feathered tribe experienced the unusual disturbance by the sudden emotion and movements of the pliable twigs, whereon they had perched to bid adieu to the universal harmony of the day, and enjoy in silent peace their nightly repose ! the whole family of the little melodious choristers were alarmed and terrified, and, as quick as their half opened eyes would permit, endeavoured to extricate themselves from the leaves and branches, and haste a removal ; and with timorous motions, making their escape with scarce extended wings, hopping from twig to twig, till the enemy of their peace, the encroacher upon their quiet asylum, have made a further progress, and got beyond their tender sensations ; at the same time the savage race, the untamely brood of four-footed creatures, slowly quit their dreadful coverts for the unwelcome guest, with eyes fiercely raging, and stubborn reluctance, turn round, and almost bid him defiance ; and, with countenances ferociously aghast, boldly stare to behold the cause of the general

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consternation—timorous to encounter, yet voraciously eager to devour, the untimely intruder. The threatening aspects of those enraged animals, struck additional horror into his soul, weakened his resolutions, and even staggered his most courageous fortitude; while the smaller works of creation, the diminutive insects, that thought to have, as usual, slept in peaceful darkness amongst the warm and pliant leaves, felt also the untimely shock, and with the sudden bending of the boughs, tumbled by swarms from their easy rest, and fell as innocent victims in multitudes to his merciless tread—some instantaneously crushed to death, and others left in helpless agonies under the pangs of wounds and mangled limbs, beyond the healing of nature's kind restorative; and the twisting reptiles, for which Providence had provided a comfortable canopy from the inclemency of the seasons under the thick mossy grass and autumnal leaves, that lay in heaps like little mountains on the ground, even these experienced the tremendous commotion; and with the sagacity of their natures,



tures, took refuge under the sturdy roots of sternly oaks, creeping amongst the closest twinings of the spreading bottom, where the cruel footsteps of the enemy could not penetrate, nor the weight of his guilty carcase impress with dire effect.

CAIN, during this time, ruminating seriously on the unprovoked attack he had made upon the awful silence of creation, and how effectually, though undesignedly, he had effected an enmity between man and the works of God, the whole creation becoming detestably fearful and unwillingly subservient unto him. Reason began now to assist him in his contemplations, and he makes an halt amidst the unsettled inhabitants of the grove, and deliberately pausing on the evil he had caused amongst them, concluded that himself must escape danger, whilst all creatures seemed to dread him. The aspect of the moon's rays was now become scarce visible—little more than a bare glimmering shadow of light, hardly perceptible through the thick entanglements of the  
wood

wood, and softly and slowly he draws towards the close enclosure—"It may be," says he, "the nightly covert of some ravenous beast;" and with cautious magnanimity he separates the almost jointed leaves, and surveys with narrow inspection the desirous, yet fearful place: silence seemed to be wrapped up in its obscurity—the motions or breathings of life could not be perceived; even air itself was almost prohibited admission—so close, so joined, was this solitary recess on all sides—the more tender and flexible branches he gradually removed, and gained an entrance into this seat of pensive silence; and with conscientious gratulations to Providence for protection, he entered the quiet and peaceful retreat, and calmly composed himself for retirement with the inhabitants of the wood. Thus meeting with no obstruction by art or nature, to discourage or discompose him, he first addresses his Maker in strains of humble ejaculations; and then laid him down to rest with that pleasing sensation that frequently accompanies and is  
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conjugal with fatigued nature, and undisturbed falls into a profound sleep—Veiled as the ordinations of Heaven were towards him, he rests on the soft and untrodden moss in sacred security.

Thus sleeps CAIN, under the luxuriant branches, regardless of danger, with the complacency of innocence, till night had finished its appointed course, and the enlivening rays of the morning sun began to dart its refreshing beams through the narrow openings of the disjointed branches, and forewarned CAIN against too long indulgence—the diligent messenger of Heaven was discharging his Creator's errand, by making his daily circuit round the universal expanse—the earliest little songsters had begun to chaunt the morning praises to their Maker, with the grateful melody of united concord, harmoniously delightful—the thrilling voices and native accents proceeding from their warbling throats awoke the pensive sleeper, and summoned him to the duties of awakening day

day—CAIN looks around him and minutely inspects his humble mansion, and thus begins to reason with himself—

“ There must be a bounteous, a merciful munificence in the dispensations of Providence!—This shall be the abode of CAIN—the desolate will here take up his dwelling—he may here diminish his grief, and enjoy a *portion*, if not *permanency*, of solitary consolation—he can uninterruptedly revere the *justice* and admire the *goodness* of God ; and remembrance of iniquities past may check future ingratitude and folly.”

Thus CAIN communeth with himself, and arranges his fancies and resolutions into a state of regularity, and then prostrates himself before God, humbly and fervently supplicating his benignity and influence to enable him to accomplish the desires of his soul—“ I know,” says he, “ before I can by rectitude arrive to the notice of Heaven, I must, in the posture of humility, first learn to abominate myself with contrition at



the footstool of it—I know, O God, thy knowledge is impenetrable—that all the inward motions of my heart are within thy prescience, ere they are fulfilled, and the mysteries of futurity are appointed by thy unerring decrees; nothing can pass thy Omniscieny unnoticed, or escape the transcendant depth of thy wisdom, infinite in itself, and infinitely beyond all human conception—therefore, O God, bestow such a portion of thy beatitudes upon me as is necessary, and bless it unto me for good; teach me how to bend myself before thee with submissive reverence; calm the stormy tempests of my soul, and let scenes of evil be no longer nourished in my breast.”

He now arises from the ground, and addresses the birds in the air, and the air itself—“Be silent, ye chearful inhabitants of the grove; chaunt not your harmonious voices, ye inoffensive warblers, and give a respite to your little musical throats for a season; and ye boisterous and powerful winds, for a time be still; let not your convulsive accents pursue me rigorously into the doleful habitation of sadness; disturb not my ejaculations  
by

by your irregular discord of sounds—and all ye, the living perfect works of creation, commiserate me, ye happily innocent of my wants—your established innocency screens you from all evil desires; your wishes and wants are reciprocally united, and one does not exceed the other—the varying discords that subsist between good and evil are yet estranged, and have not imbibed corruption amongst you; the beauteous boundaries of creation you can enjoy, without your enjoyment being annoyed with ingratitude; with minds contented you know not the bane of superfluity; you shew your gratitude to your benefactor for a supply of that alone which is needful; you enjoy the good without partaking of any of the evil concomitants that sin hath compounded with it—Hush then, for a while, and let your silent adorations resound with melodious whispers through the grove to your Maker.”

CAIN now began to assume the rational man with lamentations for ABEL; and reflecting on his death, and with the powers

of conviction upon him, would cry out—  
“ *O my brother Abel! my brother Abel!*  
couldst thou hear me, couldst thou obtain  
permission from Heaven to make a visionary  
descension to look into the dark cavern of  
my soul, and probe the wound that preys on  
my vital spirits!—Can love descend from  
heaven to earth? If so, look down and  
administer comfort to the dejected, and ap-  
ply the balm of virtue to the distressed.—No-  
thing to be seen or heard in answer to my  
wishes! all is sober sadness in this mournful  
dwelling! nothing to be perceived but uncultivated nature! nor inward encouragement,  
but to descry my own imperfections—Providence may see fit to suit my condition to  
these accommodations—ABEL is beyond the  
reach of my faltering accents; Heaven prohibits the fraternal mission; I will, therefore,  
with calm resignation, moderate my desires  
by discretionary bounds, and be not dismayed while I can have hopes in the LORD: circum-  
spection is meet for me, and I will estimate it with due consideration—these shall  
be my resolves, and morning and evening shall

shall witness my punctual obedience to them —I have woefully experienced the consequences of hatred, and accursedly felt the painful stroke of anguish, and acquired a reproachful wisdom to detest evil. I will endeavour in this lonesome cell to make penitential restitution for ABEL's blood; and in this unfrequented shade dedicate my tears to that needful pursuit; and by mingling my penitence in concert with irrational company, maintain fortitude with humility to protect me from a life miserably unfortunate; commune with myself to regret less the loss of society: I would wish to improve the purposes of my banishment, that the hopes of ADAM and EVE might not be frustrated. Let a dilemma of fears, let a labyrinth of doubts intrude themselves upon me, my hopes shall not be beclouded, my expectations shall not be sunk in the pit of despondency, nor my promised comforts overwhelmed with dejection. I long for useful knowledge, and by tedious perseverance and tribulation will try to attain it. I will shun busy life, that temptations may not surround



me, and my alarmed conscience become proportionably unmindful ; a satiety of content cannot be expected while mixed with a croud of unweary persecutors, therefore will I not hazard my present serenity ; the world may be inviting to injuries, and embarrass my soul to confusion—In the moment of anger I may slay my brother's advocate ; for the reproaches of the scornful will be very inflicting, and the guilty are restless under contempt. My infantile reasoning is not yet capable of measuring the dimensions of provoked inveteracy. I will not join the latter offspring of ADAM ; and thus escape the shafts of their calumny ; nor shall their bitter language wound my feelings—my grievous spirit none of them will heal—while their pointed arrogance will court my frowning observations without alleviation, my sighs will be their melody, and with my own lamentations will they torment me, and make my days miserable for want of pity and commiseration."

Thus

Thus reasoneth the forsaken fratricide with himself to shun society; and though he is grievously doubtful of his own resolves, yet scrupulously exact in his endeavours, striving to command himself with judgment, while he suspects himself of the power of obedience; and thus successive ideas take their revolutions in his mind, and passes promiscuously over his self-reproaching soul.

“ I must not,” said he, “ by despondency, defeat my pursuits after wisdom; I have variegated nature in this uncorrupted abode of solitude to meliorate my heart with noble and delicious impressions—’tis a situation transcendantly conspicuous for contemplation, and where folly will scarce gain admission—there will I begin to become acquainted with sacred piety, and enter into an indissoluble union and communion with my innocent and melodious companions, whose daily adorations to their Maker give motion to the pliable branches with the energy of their vocal praises. O ye chearful

inhabitants of the grove, admit me into your social society, and accommodate me with a portion of your recreating virtues."

CAIN now softens his calamities with hopes of peace, and walks the wood to see how far its produce was productive of those necessities consistent with his situation; he was soon convinced nature had been prolific, and in an ample manner provided all things needful for his support—this revived his soul—gratitude here required no deliberation; and after offering that sacrifice, he began to partake of nature's repast without reluctance. Plentifully did the fruit of various kinds yield their jucicy contents for his refreshment. Calm serenity now occupied his breast, and a tranquil resignation composed him to his fate—he found the spot to be calculated for the indulgence of reflection and improvement of reason.

Thus we leave him under the protection of Heaven, improving under the privileges of solitude for days, and months, and years ;  
and

and the bounties of Nature supplied all his wants. But even in this promising state of tranquil peace the first Great Tempter found him out.—'Twas at the close of day, when sable darkness was approaching, the whole creation hushed in solemn silence, and every living creature had bid adieu to activity for the night, that CAIN was raised from a religious lethargy of pious contemplations by a *shrill* and *uncommon* sound, like the voice of a *spirit*, but *inarticulate*; like the words of a *man*, but *incomprehensible*; and darkness was become a total deprivation of perception—the sound came nearer, and like the voice of softness entered his ear—

*“ Cain, Cain, I am an ambassador from Heaven; haste, and obey the voice of God.”*

CAIN looks and feels, but nothing could be seen or felt; and being by years of meditation prepared for the *infernal* attack, he spoke in this wise—

*“ Who art thou? What is thy mission?”*



The spirit replies—"I am commissioned by the God of Heaven to conduct thee thither—Thy penitence is accepted—thy mortification is no longer needful; follow me; the regions of eternal delight await thee; the attributes of GOD are justice and mercy; he delighteth not in punishment; easily offended, easily appeased; thy iniquities are forgiven, and he is pacified."

CAIN spake—"Whose voice? What words can those be? Art thou a messenger from ABEL'S GOD? If so, why comest thou in gloomy darkness? Assume the brightness and lustre of an angel, to put thy questionable visit out of all doubt—command this spot of obscurity to be immediately transformed into a pleasing transparency, to display thy angelic visage, and lead me wherethou wilt."

The evil one again maketh answer—"The Almighty has appointed thy journey through the regions of darkness, to enjoy the mansions of eternal light."

“ If so,” says CAIN, “ let the light of thy glory direct my footsteps—measure unto me the unbounded space to Heaven, and circumscribe its dimensions ere I quit my peaceful retreat.”

*“ Cain, thy conceptions of ætherial tracts are disordered; the path lays wide through deserts unknown.”*

“ Begone thou *hellish fiend!* thy own arguments betray thee!—Return from whence thou camest! I am no longer thine—Go, and feast upon the bitter remorse of self-conviction, and leave my soul at ease.”

The resolutions of CAIN were effectual—the tempter was overcome, and in darkness again departed; the long preparatory contemplations and dependence upon God enabled CAIN to render all his machinations abortive.

Having thus escaped the powerful insinuations of the devil, he renders up to Heaven

his grateful adorations for the deliverance, and lays him down to sleep, and composedly enjoyed that refreshing repose which his oppressed spirits required : he awoke in the morning with the early lark and the rising sun ; and the clearness of the atmosphere foretold a pleasing day.



END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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*C A I N ' S '*  
LAMENTATIONS OVER  
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BOOK THE THIRD.

C A I N now quits his bower, and, musing, walks to the boundaries of the wood, to enjoy without obstruction the beauties of opening day ; and looking towards the delightful E D E N, (from whence he was banished) even to the utmost limits of creation's horizon, as far as eyes could trace, an object uncommon attracted his attentive notice ; the yet feeble rays of the sun beams presented to his view a deep wounding reflective appearance—What did he see? What did he imagine he really saw through the resplendency of the  
morn-



morning's infant brightness? At an immense distance, a space almost exceeding ocular demonstration, he beheld in the starry orb a *celestial barbing*—he cries out, moved by the different passions of *hope* and *fear*, “*Art thou a messenger of peace?*”

Again he turns his eyes from beholding, then again assumeth courage, and ventures on a retrospective glance, and ruminates in his mind upon all the works of creation, to draw some comparative conclusion, and bring his soul into a state of steady composure; but he found the higher his conceptions aspired, the lower did his real attainments sink, for all nature dwindled into nothing in his sight, when compared to the illustrious *Guest*; and with exalted rapture and astonishment, he opens his lips towards Heaven—

“ ’Tis an *angel*! he bringeth comfort unto CAIN!—Tidings of joy are visible, even in his distant visionary department: he cometh to extend the bounties of healing to the wound-

wounded, and scatter the seeds of admiration amongst the roots of peace—The God of Heaven has deigned to hear my contrition—the tributes of penitence are not rejected.”

The angel makes but slow advances, as if prohibited by the injunctions of his Maker, fulfilling the Divine appointment with majestic obedience, and delivers his message at a stately distance, with an implicit diligence and profound silence. Thus was CAIN, whose heart was wont to be impregnable to the voice of humanity and filial piety, rendered tractable and soft by the penetration of the *cælestial* monitor; for some time his eyes were intent upon the ground, unable to speak for past reflections; and then again he reasonably communes with himself, and speedily hastens forward, and soon lost sight of his solitary dwelling—as he runs he ruminates—

“ This omen,” says he, “ cannot portend evil; the wrath of offended justice cannot be executed under such a promising disguise—  
my

my soul, be thou quiet!—*passion* and *despair*, fly from me! *despondency* and *doubts*, bid me adieu; and thou, my *invisible foe*, the first instigator of my sin, deceive me not; attempt not again to allure me by thy various transformations—I am no longer groaning under thy captivating bondage; nor shall the fetters of thy malicious mockeries any more entangle my feet—thy snaring cords are cut asunder, and to thy envious malevolence I can bid defiance. Take thy beguiling rounds, and circumscribe earth, air, and seas with thy revolutions, and assume the most tempting allurements sensation can conceive, yet still thy counterfeit perfections shall be scornfully rebuked, and shunned with reproach; even if thy transformation is accompanied with an angelic aspect will I be scrupulously doubtful, and the designing menaces of thy invisible workings shall rebound upon thy own head.”

CAIN now became silently musing, and his mind sedate, on the pleasure of his own reflections over SATAN—Still did the bright  
image

*image of glory* remain in the expanded æther; and as the sun gradually approached its meridian, so did the angelic lustre appear more and more visible; and with an aspect of smiling benignity, seemed to court, with a pleasing countenance, the nearer approaches of CAIN, whose conscious integrity on Heaven convinced him no evil could be concealed under such a transparency: his joys were now rapturous: no fears could terrify him; no ideas could sink him.—yet still in these encouraging seasons of comfort, he had at intervals some trying conflicts with his invisible foe; but accoutered with the armour of constancy, and the heavenly monitor in view, he could, with confident temerity, resist all the efforts of SATAN; the subtlety of hell could not touch his constancy with its destructive bane.

The sun was now arrived at its meridian altitude, directly over the head of CAIN; proportionable to the elevated power of the sun, did the inimitable excellence of the shining one appear; the sparkling rays of its  
exalted



exalted warmth conveyed the beauteous aspect of the angelic features with encreased transcendancy, and enlivened his soul with additional astonishment; the countenance of the *caelestial being* impressed his soul with enlarged ideas and conceptions of the *majesty* and *glory* of *Infinity*—composure guided his reflections, and brought to his mind solemn deliberations, and thus he began again to commune with himself—

“Experience has been as an instructive lesson unto *CAIN*, that in secret silence there is sacred safety—the tongue is curbed, the lips are guarded, and the mouth restrained from uttering destructive words—these are the seasons to bow at *God's Throne*; his presence will cheer the countenance, and his benevolence infuse joy into the breast of the suppliant—Almighty condescension will instil rapturous longings for devotion, and establish its heavenly influences within me.”

The sun had now turned towards its decline, to make room for approaching night;  
and

and CAIN, looking towards his guardian angel, perceived a proportionable diminution of the illustrious smile, which brought the following considerations to his mind—

“ And will the favorable opportunity of a communication with Heaven be lost with the expiring course of one sun’s daily race?—Will the commission of infinity be fulfilled without the further benediction of my God? O my soul, improve the flying moments; trifle not with time, for the harbinger of gladness to escape thy vigilance; descant more upon his excellencies; animate thy soul; and let not futurity reproach thee with neglect; strive for a further attainment of knowledge, and assume an humble imitation of cœlestial magnanimity; embrace with resolution and gratitude the present period of securing for futurity a treasure of wisdom; defer not to obtain the salutary admonition necessary to prepare thee for the unforeseen accidents of thy future life; thy infantile state of conversion has not yet inured thee by religious combats to the many tribulations  
and

and disasters that may be enclosed in the womb of futurity; trust not to thy own accumulated fortitude, for in the hour of danger thou mayest be embarrassed; therefore let wisdom guide thee while the season awaits thee; and with the footsteps of tranquil composure and humility draw towards the *angel of Heaven.*"

As these impressive emotions and consternations gave way to calm and temperate reasoning, he began to enjoy a serene state of mind, and peace flowed abundantly into his soul; and again looking towards the bright ambassador of joy in the firmament, he very intently viewed, and with accurate discernment observed more explicitly the spiritual visage, and stedfastly looking, descried some faint representations of *Man*, surrounded with the sparkling lustre—undaunted and with manly fortitude he gazes, and with eyes devoted to further useful and important discoveries, very minutely marks the movements, and traces the narrow revolutions of this mysterious Being—the more  
exact

exact his penetration, the more was he satisfied ; and his curiosity increased as his mind was more contented ; and wondering, as he was nearer advancing, he perfectly perceived under the radiant beams a *spiritual, a divine image of man*, divested of mortality, and an emblem of Heaven's perfection.

The power of the sun was much diminished—its warmth and heat were rapidly declining ; and its forcible effects on CAIN's perceptions was much abated ; he could therefore look more distinctly through its feeble orbs, and by clear discernment form his conjectures on the *angelic host*—He looks—he is amazed, as the missionary of Heaven becomes more and more visible ; his whole frame was in a pleasing, and at the same time astonished agitation ; and every step he advances brings to his ideas more proofs of the *cæstrial ambassador*—it both surprized and gladdened his heart at the same instant : his senses became more evidently satisfied ; and his conception had proof to demonstration, that no unruly phantasies of his own  
brain



brain had misguided and deceived him, for it really was an heavenly being disguised in human shape, under a spiritual influence. The time was now near for the heavenly dictate to be fulfilled, for the mandate of God to be executed; and while CAIN, in an attitude of deep contemplation, had his eyes towards the earth, the *shining one* advanced almost near him—and CAIN looking up and seeing, cried out to God in these words—

“ O God of Heaven, assist me with thy impressive influence, that my language may soar aloft towards thy seat of glory, so that I may face, without terror, thy almighty missionary with a heart replete with praise and adoration; aid me with thy benediction for utterance, and enlarge my conceptions and understanding to comprehend thy will, so that I may reap spiritual comfort and improvement from the messenger of peace: let his appointment be for healing to my soul, and under his cœlestial wings be conveyed the balm of holy consolation: let not his luminous transparency overshadow me,

nor

nor the austerity of his voice plunge me into sadness: furnish me with the armour of holy fortitude, that my spirit may not sink within me; endue me with a competent measure of wisdom for necessary attainment, that his revelation unto me may not be obscured; support me by thy mercy, and withdraw not thy benevolence from me; so that I may increase in understanding, and cultivate an holy and needful acquaintance with thy decrees and ordinations: reject not the fugitive supplication—disdain not to display thy wonted clemency that has hitherto kept him from total falling—*have mercy, O Lord, have mercy*—let the present season of manifestation by thy servant from Heaven be revealed unto me for good—preserve me from the fire of despondency; purify me in the furnace of mercy; from the records of Heaven erase the transgression of my youth, and enter into a renewed covenant with the greatest sinners; establish integrity in my heart, that I may know and keep thy statutes; let thy benignity towards me be as the plant that flourishes, and produce an unquenchable  
flame

flame of sacred purity and holiness, that all the days of my life may be devoted to thy glory: engrave on my soul a memento of past enquiries, and instil into my meditations an immoveable detestation of former sins, so that the source and motives of my lonesome banishment may be continually regretted with persevering penitence: be thou always present with me, O Lord, that seasonable intervals of relaxation may produce composure from heavy reflections; and thus stimulated by thy encouraging presence, I may know how to seek mercy from thee with firm confidence, and experience a sensation of happiness by being partaker of thy righteousness: the seeds of penitence are sown within him; water thou it with the dew of forgiveness, that it may bring forth an increase redounding to thy own glory, and a soul cordial healing to CAIN: deliver him from the frequent attempts of the Tempter; restrain the pernicious seduction of the wicked one; abolish his former dominion over me, and let him no more triumph to lull my soul into woeful security, nor soothe me by his insinuating

ating charms into the arms of death; let my feeble exertions against him be crowned with the desired success; bless my resolutions, that unexpected obstructions may not be too weighty for me, nor my heart deceive me by its own unstable conjectures. I would wish to humble myself before thee with mourning and lamentation, nor attempt to vindicate or justify my deeds in thy sight, for my sins are ever before me: I would not presume to dwell on my resolutions, for I know they are frail, and border upon inquietude; therefore, O Lord, teach me how to rely entirely upon thee as my unerring regulator in thought, word, and deed, so that my enemy may be confounded, and I may escape the destruction of eternity—SATAN would inclose me with hopeless despondency, and obliterate from my view the footsteps that lead to the gates of mercy—Search me, O God, and examine my inward workings, and make manifest thy wisdom, that I may judge of my own integrity, and see if iniquity still abideth within me; purge and purify me from all gross pollution, and fashion me

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anew



anew after the image of ABEL my brother; give me fortitude, and bestow upon me a heart stimulated by conscious obedience and rectitude to persevere in all thy enjoined commands—let not spiritual deformities sink me into deplorable miseries—let this spot of privacy, this habitation of solitude, be productive of solitary effects needful for me, by a daily supply of heavenly refreshment from the rays of thy gracious bounty—let my resolves be tempered with the beams of thy dignity, that my intended designs may be ripened into maturity—if I escape the temptations of the present generation in pensive solitude with reclaimed virtue, permit not the depravities of human corruption to deceive me, and still estrange me as an alien to the inward impressions of contrite humiliation that is proper for me.—'Tis thy gracious goodness that has hitherto supported me under my guilty considerations, and 'tis thy boundless love that has spared me to return, by sincere conviction, to my infantine days of innocence—my prolonged days proceeded from thy distinguished clemency towards

wards me, therefore can I acquiesce with grateful pleasure to thy dispensations; but inspire me with adequate knowledge peculiar to my occasions, that through ignorance or inadvertency I may not abuse thy favors by improper conclusions, and speculate on thy providences prejudicial to my own happiness, by frustrating thy intended purposes towards me for good; secure unto me contentment in this unfrequented wild of retirement, and accept of my daily sacrifices of penitence and gratitude; and when I seek thee, hide not thy face from me, O God of Heaven and Earth!"—Here CAIN ended his addresses to Heaven.

Being now suitably prepared in his mind for the divine mission, he turned his eyes towards the sky, and behold what did he see but the *angel of God* near him?—With undaunted fortitude he looks, and with a feeble timidity at intervals of no long impression, was exalted in his raptures, and tranquil in his meditations; the effects of terror were of no force—recollection would presently

assume its natural vivacity, and receive renewed exaltations; reason convinced him that the cœlestial guest was a forerunner of glad tidings; and these considerations were as a barrier unto him against every intruding and disagreeable impression that the temptations of the devil could make upon him; and with a conscious confidence on the Omnipotency of his Maker, he boldly and cheerfully, without the embarrassment of fear, faces the ambassador of Heaven, and distinctly discerning the resemblance and glorified features, he, with a sudden emotion over his whole body, and his soul in uncommon agitation, cries out—

*“ Great God of Heaven, support me!—bide me!—shelter me!—deliver me from death!—What do I see?—My brother! Abel, my brother!—and down he fell prostrate on the ground, before the spirit of ABEL..*

ABEL, gently descending from the opening clouds, softly whispers into his ear, with the voice of real sympathy and love—

*“ Cain,*

“ *Cain, my brother!* Arise—anger findeth no dwelling in Heaven—malice is forbidden to enter that holy residence: no envy, no imbittered hatred is cherished in the bosom of ABEL: remembrance of past evils can find no footing amongst Saints—the excellencies of glory are allotted to ABEL, and the God thereof can secure a reversion of its beauties for CAIN his brother—Clemency is an attribute of the Deity, and an unexhausted treasure of mercy is reserved in store for unfeigned penitence—God is in himself the source, the fountain of benignity and love—thy prayers, CAIN, thy groans, thy constancy, thy resolutions, have gained admittance within the gates of glory—ABEL thy brother is the commissioned messenger of Infinity, to administer comfort and dispel the anxieties that at times disquiet thee—My brother, arise—Arise, my brother—give ear to the words of Heaven—be attentive to the voice of gladness, and welcome in thy breast the language of peace—Thy sacrifices have been acceptable—thy offerings of sorrowful tears have not been rejected—and thy re-



pentance has been pleasing at the altar of God. CAIN, CAIN, my brother, arise—waste not the minutes of importance—embrace the useful consultation; reject not the happiness of consultation, nor lose the season of mutual forgiveness—receive with grateful tributes of joy the necessary admonition that may be conducive to the establishment of thy future peace—let ABEL communicate joy to thy soul, and participate in the fulness of bliss that awaits him—O that ABEL could transform the soul of CAIN, and mount him on the wings of velocity to the undescribable regoins of inconconceivable bliss.”

These words so ardently and affectionately uttered, and with the voice of an angel, awakened CAIN from his impressiv situation; and looking up he sees ABEL in the likeness of divine brightness close by him, surrounded with unspeakable beauties of lustre; and after this manner speaks CAIN to his brother—

“ ABEL, *thou child of God*, my brother, what is thy mission? Wherein consisteth  
the

the pleasure of God through thee? Art thou appointed by the Eternal One to be the dire executioner of *Almighty Justice* upon thy murderer? Or art thou commissioned, from the words of peace thou hast spoken, to manifest his dispensations towards me for good, and to pronounce the voice of Heaven—*Thy prayers are heard?*—Has the register of Infinity recorded my unceasing lamentations and sighs? Are my feeble resolutions strengthened by the influence of *Omnipotency*? Does mercy yet abound for me?—Speak, ABEL; hasten to deliver the Divine injunction—declare speedily the embassy of God my Judge!—*fear, hope, and doubts*, are conjunctively working within me—thy pleasing voice, thy soothing language, with all its exhaling comforts, have not totally eradicated the roots of dubious suspense that at times has almost crushed me—in silence have I meditated—with languishing have I uttered the broken accents of my defective supplications—transfuse thou now into my soul the reciprocal enjoyment of filial endearments, that CAIN may partake of some delicious

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licious transport, so that he will embrace thee, and see thee as thou art—my soul panteth after knowledge, ABEL, and my spirit within me trembleth to attain that knowledge it covets—The first messenger from Heaven, since the first guilt of murder, must be an important charge—Now ABEL speak; but with the voice of a pardoning God, speak thou unto CAIN, and contribute tranquility to his soul: the conflict with SATAN at this minute is terrible: with all the venom of bitter rage he assaults my weaker part, to wound my hopes and confidence with the weapons of despair and mistrust; but patiently I lie at the footstool of my Maker.”

“CAIN, my brother,” replies ABEL, “healing is in my wings—resplendent kindness is my charge—thou shalt enjoy the utility of thy penitence—the throne of God is never shut against fervent supplications; the miseries of anguish and the sores of lamentation will be always rewarded by Heaven with consolation—the strength of  
sorrow

sorrow is never permitted to be unprofitably exhausted. If thy allotted portion of experiences are labour, indigence, and pain, know, CAIN, 'tis the fruits of the first sin, concentrated in the enjoyments of all mankind; be thou therefore comforted; and contentment and peace will spontaneously shoot forth and surround thee in the midst of solitude—Be not the cause of thy own wretchedness; and chase from thy eyes all despondent tears—rest still on the LORD; and if SATAN tempt thee powerfully, he shall not prevail against thee, nor be able to accelerate thy destruction.”

This encouraging language revived the spirits of CAIN, and he found the evil assailant become proportionably weakened, and speaks again to ABEL—

“ Proceed, my brother”—“ Knowest thou, and believest thou this, CAIN, that the evil adversary, and the spirit of GOD, cannot at the same time gain peaceful dwelling in thy soul?”—“ 'Tis so, my brother.”



—“Placest thou thy hopes on this, CAIN?  
—Dost thou thus believe, my brother?”—  
“ABEL, I believe.”—“Then there is mercy  
for thee, my brother, whilst thou thus strive  
against the deluder.”—“Is it so?” says  
CAIN—“Can a hardened fratricide, a pre-  
meditated delinquent, expect mercy? Can  
there be infinite clemency in store for him?  
Would all the sacrifices of contrition, the  
powers of sensation, and offerings of humili-  
ation that could be presented at the *altar of  
offended majesty*, during the incomprehensible  
limits of time’s existing space, be an adequate  
atonement to the enormity and magnitude of  
my crime? Is it so, ABEL? Is there hopes?  
May CAIN compose his soul on the pros-  
pect of such a wonderful possibility? Can  
time obliterate the guilt from the remem-  
brance of Heaven? Can a transaction, accom-  
panied with such execrable darkness, be ob-  
scured by oblivion in the bright mansions of  
glory?”

ABEL maketh answer—“Nothing is im-  
possible there, my brother—Prayer and pe-  
nitence

nitence in a circuit of time can triumph over guilt ; and according to its energy, so will be its velocity, and wing its way to Heaven with a career of gladness—the existing space between penitence and mercy is not computed by the dimensions of revolving time—*Omniscience* is well acquainted with the impatience of supplication, and *Providence* vouchsafe to accelerate its speed, and liberally diffuse the oil of gladness ; it ascends on the wings of rapidity, and descends almost instantaneously with the branches of peace—There is a door of hope still open for thee, CAIN ; and by the hand of gracious lenity will be gradually extended in proportion to thy persevering integrity—Serve the LORD uprightly, and he will enable thee to elude the vigilant seducer manfully, and all his horrid purposes upon thee be abortive ; it will terminate in thy own security, and the fullness of grace be accomplished—’Tis not the whole circumference of time can erase thy guilt from the annals of Heaven, but thy own unintermitting lamentations can deliver thee from its wrath otherwise decreed for thee in Heaven—the inflictive punishment

is a decree, but the execution of its sentence depends upon thy contrite perseverance; therefore purify thy heart, and God will display his goodness."

"ABEL, I will not despair, although my crime appears with execrable gloominess, yet will I endeavour to overshadow its darkness with the brightness of sacrifices, so that my ideas of Heaven's condescending benignity might be more enlarged, and my imaginations disengaged and released from hovering dread."

"Henceforth, CAIN, magnify the Lord. If thou art by some weighty reflections seasonably alarmed, it may be profitable to thy considerations, to prevent thee from falling into a state of easy relaxation, and consequently inactive in thy duties—be not dismayed though thy spirits should be oppressed, and the woeful gulph of eternity be magnified with all its deplorable terrors to thy mind; for the same *Eternal and Omnipotent One is Maker of Heaven, Hell, and*  
*the*

*the World*; he can protect and deliver thee—let Satan buffet thee, *his* arm can uphold thee, and will not permit his total overthrowing thee. Thus, CAIN, have I discharged the mission of Heaven, and must return from whence I came.”

CAIN was attentively earnest to the admonition of his brother; and at these last words of ABEL, he sorrowfully addresses him—

“ And must I lose sight of thy blessed vision?—Let me first embrace thee, O ABEL, my brother!”—“ Touch me not, CAIN: all corporeal substance with me is dissolved; nature has given way to supernatural effects, and mortality hath put on an incorruptible immortality.”—“ And wilt thou, and must thou leave me, ABEL? Let me first moisten with the tears of sensitive anguish and bitterness of sorrow, the malady, the dreadful wound that made thee first to taste of death, that my grief may be united with thy happiness.”

“ CAIN,



“CAIN, thy petition is brotherly, but thy requests are founded upon thy unacquaintance with spirits—mutual enjoyments are prohibited by infinite wisdom between us, relating to salutation between flesh and spirit. Know, CAIN, the deadly gap is closed—the mortal wound is healed—and with the breathless carcase of corruption returned to its parent earth—Thy hatred removed ABEL from the parents bosom to the seat of endless glory in the spirit, while ABEL in the flesh is crumbling in the dust—this is also thy allotted change at time’s expiration with thee; thou wilt thus be disengaged from this body of clay, and transfigured into an unsubstantial and unchangeable state of duration—prepare, therefore, to partake of ABEL’s glory—daily adore and worship the God of nature, and nature’s God will guide thee to the ethereal mansions. CAIN, I have finished—behold my flight; I ascend to Heaven in obedience to the *Infinite* mandate.”

CAIN

Cain eagerly endeavoured to clasp ABEL in his arms, but the spirit immediately vanished with a transparency that illuminated the whole face of the earth, so that the very objects around him were indiscernible—in a few moments the clouds assumed their wonted thickness, and ABEL was no more.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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*C A I N ' S*  
LAMENTATIONS OVER  
A B E L.

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BOOK THE FOURTH.

C A I N was again all alone—his former afflictive complaints crowded upon his mind—he invoked Almighty condescension with reverential silence, and, prostrating himself upon the earth, held silent converse with Infinite Omniscieny—The impressive emotions that the past circumstances with A B E L had made upon his faculties, rendered him incapable to join in grateful complacency with the little harmonious choristers of the grove in their evening salutations—he looks up to Heaven, crying—

“ And

“ And art thou gone, my brother ABEL ? the delight of my soul, and art thou gone ? Are my hopes banished with thee ? or have my prospects of future comfort in the contemplative hours of solitude forsaken me ? Go, then, and glorify thy GOD ; make intercession for the desolate ; forget not the fugitive wanderer ; assist the unfortunate in his supplications, that the Eternal GOD may deign to remove from his ideas all gloominess, discontent, and grief, nor permit dejection to becloud his distant prospect of happiness—conscience itself severely reproaches him, needful then it is for Providence to support him.”

This was the language of CAIN to the departed spirit of ABEL ; and then as follows reasoneth with himself—

“ CAIN, be not presumptuously pressing what the Lord has graciously promised—let not thy soul be disquieted, or thy allotted days be embarrassed with irretractable passions—ye unprofitable and tumultuous agitations,



tations, molest me not, nor disturb my tranquility—my soul thirsteth after peace, that concord of sentiments might accompany my retired meditations—Heaven has decreed it, fate has determined it, that CAIN should be submissively obedient to sober penitence—ABEL spoke it, GOD commanded it, reason confirmeth it, and conscience sees the necessity of it—the stains of impiety must be dislodged with the tears of anxiety; the bitter cup of affliction must be sweetened with the honey of dear bought consolation.”

Evening was now far advanced, and night with its sable cloathing made its approaches with quick rapidity, which stimulated CAIN to a consideration of self-preservation, from the surrounding dangers of darkness, and seek for a refuge and warm retreat, his wandering feet having conducted him quite astray from his wonted spot of calm retirement.

The moon was just entering upon her nocturnal office of diffusing her borrowed rays

rays round the borders of creation, a favorable opportunity which the poor fugitive pleasingly embraced, to partake of her yet feeble distribution of light, unknowing where, he walks over the untrodden plain till near midnight, while the howling of the savage brood slightly alarms him; but not one had permission from the power of Heaven to make an attack upon the undefended man; forward he proceeds, and espies at a small distance, a thick, a darkened, and overgrown shaded bower, encompassed around with the needful productions of nature's liberality, and suitably adapted for retirement and safety; but even now, as formerly at a similar season, some occasional doubts evinced his frailty—"May not this," said he, "be the covert of some furious animal of nightly prey?"—Thoughtful he steps, and with pensive sadness approaches, with heavy presages, foreboding, by his timorous apprehensions, real evil where no evil was impending, not even the rustling of a leaf to disconcert his frame after he had got admittance amongst the prickly shrubs; but still his faculties  
and

and conceptions were scarcely properly arranged, since the interview with ABEL, for contemplation, or to deliberate composedly on his present situation—he was quite unprepared for a conflict with SATAN, or natural courage to combat with the ferocity of a wild beast—he halts, he ponders, and draws nearer towards the enclosure by slow and cautious movements, and still maintained his courage with consolation from the words of ABEL—“*The Lord would be with him.*”

On these words did he rest with humble confidence, trying to dispel doubts and banish timidity from his mind, and thus speaks he to himself——

“ This direction of my footsteps cannot be the event of chance; it must be the overruling hand of Providence that guided my feet to this desirable spot—My soul, be thou at ease——ABEL was sent to forewarn and prepare me for all such obstacles to human infirmities, that depravity might not predominate and augment my offences by mistrust

trust and timidity—I will religiously approach the thickened shelter, and with the tributes of fervent gratitude, take possession as a provision by Almighty ordination for my security and rest.”

He draws towards it, and what did he see but a fragrant conveniency contrived by the unpolished hand of perfect nature, for every enjoyment that was necessary for his peculiar accommodation?

He enters, and, with a conscientious conception of Almighty benevolence and protection of him, directly prostrates himself upon the soft untrodden moss that spread itself in a disordered regularity from side to side, and with acclamations of joyful feeling rendered up his thanks to Heaven for its merciful guidance and preservation—  
“Where now,” says he, “is the threatened evil that fear brought to my deluded imaginations?”—And thus addresses his Maker—

“O God,



“ O God, teach me to know thee ; make this the season of joyful gratulation ; establish here my dwelling ; let this be the habitation of CAIN, constructed by the hand of inconceivable wisdom, perfected by nature's Creator—here shall I be able to defy the arrows of hell that would wound my confidence to distrust the preservation of Omnipotency—for this purpose was ABEL commissioned, to prepare me for tribulation, and teach me how to depend upon thee—with brightness did he descend from the realms of glory, with the voice of peace and gladness did he utter the language of Heaven unto me ; the distress of my soul was alleviated by the sympathy of his words, and the happy enjoyments that issue from faith and obedience did he secure unto me ; let that sacred earnest of the reversionary treasures of Heaven be engraved on my heart as a remembrance of my covenants with thee all the days of my life.”

Now recommending himself to the protection of Providence he lays him down to rest,

rest, to enjoy a peaceful slumber after the vicissitudes and unexpected circumstances that had possessed his mind during the tedious day. All nature was now hushed in sober silence—every living creature had ceased from busy life—the lion, the tyger, the leopard, and the wolf, were all silently resting on their grassy couches; the tuneful tribe of chearful warblers were all at ease and quiet on the flexible branches that were closely interwoven one with another; darkness itself had succeeded the pale light proceeding from the moon's departing rays, whose appointed circuit was faithfully circumscribed, and left the face of creation on a sable and darkened partition—midnight was past; and even the bird of melancholy was retired from her nocturnal excursions, and solemnly perched within the closest enclosure of the oak—no wind, or even a breeze sufficient to disturb the aspen leaf; so calm, dark, quiet, and silent was the night, when CAIN could rejoice in the first opportunity of holy meditation upon God's *revealed will* towards him for good, by the voice of  
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an *angel from Heaven*—by the voice of ABEL his brother! Without interruption or disturbance he sweetly slept, and enjoyed the necessary refreshment for his body, and recruited his vital frame with renewed vigour; and while in his slumbering state of inactivity, would, even unknown to himself, call out with rapturous accents——“ABEL, ABEL, *embrace me, my brother ABEL!*”——

Thus sleepeth CAIN profoundly peaceable, till the rising sun began to penetrate its early beams through the narrow passages of the twining branches, and warned the solitary sojourner of approaching day; he arose, and devoutly returned his Maker praise; and after procuring such needful sustenance for the nourishment of nature as the uncultivated situation produced, he seriously begins to reflect upon ABEL's descension after the following manner—

“The destiny inflicted upon CAIN by offended Majesty was to become a fugitive and a vagabond—this was the ordination of  
Infinity

Infinity—the decree has been hitherto fulfilled, and after revolving years of dubious consultations with himself, and promiscuous mutations in circumstances, ABEL was the appointed administrator of comfort to my soul. Frequently had SATAN beset me—oftentimes were the joys I laboured for totally eclipsed by him, and by his infernal delusions have my drooping spirits been wretchedly obscured from the radiant hopes of Heaven, and maliciously exposed to the burning tortures of despondency: thus has it pleased Heaven to permit the first grand rebel, my first great deceiver, to be the instrument of my necessary chastisements. The *Prince of Devils*, estranged from all commiseration and tenderness, would with cruel piercing torment me, and hourly hovering around would scatter the seeds of despair, at the same time diffuse the venom of his horrid imprecations into my soul—at intervals the power of his fiery indignation would blaze with the flames of hell to destroy me with the stings of convicted conscience—again would he change his diabolical machinations,

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and



and flatter poor CAIN with the smooth speeches of feigned sympathy, conveying hypocrisy under the mask of friendship, and under disguised consolation would hellishly pretend to relieve me from the oppressive load of continual reflections, and lull poor deluded conscience into a state of miserable security; so powerful were his enchantments, so artful were his devices, and so diligent in his exertions, that it almost predominated over the resolutions and constancy of the infant convert—the black veil of his terrible hatred enveloping the unripened deliberations of the already disconsolate, seemed to presage the unavoidable destruction of CAIN, and belloweth forth with tempestuous fury his imbittered rage and ungovernable malignancy. What now supported and delivered CAIN from death?" says he to himself—"Could his own unripe contrition, could his own immature penitence, alleviate the calamities of mind that proceed from such diabolical attacks?—No!—the sacrifices of CAIN were not yet sufficiently prepared by tribulations and persecutions

tions to answer in effect such important purposes—the destroyer would have destroyed him, had not the interference of Almighty clemency preserved him—the bountiful succour of Heaven was seasonably manifested, and his plaintive moans were answered with condescending favors beyond imagination—the penitential sighs of his broken heart winged their way to Heaven, and were not rejected; and all his pious purposes were returned with cœlestial compassion from the effulgency of Infinite bounty: the defilements of sin, presented through the channel of lamentations and woe, were purified by the blessings of the Deity, and the virtue of CAIN experienced a gracious transformation—these were secrets unrevealed, unknown to CAIN, and remained in obscurity in the womb of Providence, till ABEL appeared”—And thus continued the forsaken unfortunate in a changeable labyrinth of dubious uncertainties, confounding hopes and joys with grief and fears.

“ ABEL became *Heaven's Ambassador*, and descended from above to compleat the work of praise, to assist the outcast fugitive in the employment of devout adoration—for this did the angelic spirit of ABEL descend from the mansions of beatitude to communicate unto CAIN a portion of that good which proceeds from the beneficency of the all-wise Creator; influenced by such attributes on the principles of obedience, and the endeavours of CAIN will be crowned with success; he can look upwards with estimation to his benefactor, while his humble gratitude is amiable in the sight of his God—now can he conceive the charms of native simplicity, and become enamoured with the beauties of holiness; with serenity and calmness he can call to memory the past sorrows of life; and rejoicingly look back on former calamities, and under protection of ABEL's vision can his past tribulations be obscured; by application he can improve, and become possessed of peace; exulting he can present his thanksgiving, and with fidelity establish his constancy in virtue.”

After

After this manner did CAIN commune with himself, and increased in faith and fortitude on Providence—his daily excursions from his solitary habitation did not exceed the limits that was necessary to procure the reasonable refreshment and nourishment, and thereby enjoying a measure of inward happiness, suitably adapted to his thoughtful life, unincumbered with the vexatious occurrences of the world. Again he begins to converse with himself—

“ Will ABEL make a second descension and discourse with CAIN? Did his departure leave room for expectation?—No, CAIN; it was sudden—no shadow of encouragement for such hopes; but benignity sat on his countenance, and a radiant cheerfulness accompanied his ascent; I will therefore devoutly acquiesce with pious resignation to what the Almighty was not pleased to reveal, and glorify God by submissive obedience; patiently wait his will for future manifestation without renewing my offence with wilful distrust—Be content, O my  
F. 3. soul!



soul!—thou hast the boundless beauties and conveniences of creation before thee, and all subservient to thy necessities; thou hast prolonged days to taste the sweets of growing consolation, and around thee abundantly springeth whatever is needful to constitute health and peace; spontaneously it grows in rude regularity and plenty for supplying my necessary occasions, and uninterruptedly can I enjoy a cœlestial communion with the spiritual workings of Infinity. ABEL the glorious! ABEL *the child of God!* as an invisible and protecting agent, will still support the heavenly commission, and imperceptibly unto CAIN instil into his mind rapturous sensations of holiness: the dark clouds of SATAN's assaults will be dispersed by the breath of Heaven, and the Almighty will essay to console me in the weighty reflections of deep meditation—here I will rest, and derive hope and tranquillity from this nourishment.”

Unmolested by weighty temptations, and free from oppressive anxieties, did CAIN  
now

now enjoy, with peace of mind, all that his soul could desire; and the irrational inhabitants of the unfrequented grove, by their soothing language, undefiled with guilt, became naturalized unto his pensive state—the feathered songsters aided him cheerfully and liberally with their early vocal adorations to devotion, and imbibed into his mind sentiments of gratitude, to which mankind, from want of reflective meditation in secret silence, are oftentimes estranged: with holy delight he could trace the footsteps, and admire with sacred astonishment, the wonderful works of Providence, and devoutly intent upon his duty, could mount his ripened thoughts with silent pleasure towards the pinnacle of Heaven—this was a happiness properly adapted to quell all his rising tumults, and put a restraint upon his inclinations, when desirous of intermingling with the busy world, and entering into scenes of hurried life, to which he was totally unacquainted. The consideration of his present comforts, and uncertainty of future events, predominated over his imperfect conjectures

of worldly enjoyments, and frustrated his occasional schemes to join himself to mankind, and thus wisely determining to subject his own unstable desires to the unerring guidance of eternal wisdom.

Years after years elapsed in this tranquil state before his resolution began to waver, and the beguiling insinuations of the *Tempter* began to prevail, when the unfortunate fugitive ventured to confide in the benevolence of his God, and deceived himself with the hopes of that protection: he was partial to his own opinion, and established his future expectations of pleasure upon his fortitude, and his Maker's forgiveness: his ignorance of the world, and want of knowledge of men, presented no approaching danger to his mind; no evils could he bring to his ideas that were needful for him to dread, but the dark delusions of the *Fiend of Hell*, to which he had been long accustomed, and could bid defiance to the most artful attack upon his constancy. None of the many other misguiding passions, to which

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corrupted mortals are subject unto, had yet gained entrance into his soul. The enemy of his soul being now busily employed in representing the vain glories of society to his imaginations, and no sympathizing parent or friend to admonish or advise with, in an unguarded hour, when reason was overcome with deception, and blinded with vanishing fruition, did the forlorn wanderer, the unfortunate fugitive, drink the bitter draught of conceited pleasure, and dreaming felicity, not waiting the return of sober reason, he bid defiance to the rule of unerring rectitude, and neglecting to supplicate the influence of Heaven, resolved to satisfy the desires of his soul, and partake of the superfluities and enjoyments of life; expecting heavenly benediction (but trusting his own strength, forgot the needful supplication) amidst innumerable evils to enable him to maintain his wonted integrity.

Thus resolved, he embraced with the rising sun a bright and promising morning, (when all nature was arrayed in the full



gaiety of the fertile season, and the warmth of lengthening days insured to his imagination a satiety of pleasure) and sorrowfully, yet hopefully, did he bid adieu to his long and peaceful dwelling, (that never failed to produce every needful enjoyment to constitute his temporal felicity—dispelling also many impressive afflictions of his mind, that did occasionally proceed from intense reflection) while the little warblers, seemingly agitated with mournful concern and uncommon emotion, hopping and flying from bough to bough, with plaintive melody inviting his longer abode—even the very brambles and odoriferous shrubs around him experienced the effects of his presumption, and declined towards the ground with drooping leaves.

These mementos were ineffectual on his consideration: he proceeds forward, and hardly reached the boundaries of the grove ere a more powerful instance of Heaven's displeasure was displayed. The weighty and impulsive force of the elementary bodies  
were

were all at once suddenly roused, as if stern Winter was at hand, and showered down their tempestuous fury upon him with uncommon violence and provoked rage.

The feebleness of nature began to give way—CAIN could not withstand the combined assault: persuasive reason hastened him to the stately oak for refuge, to shelter him from the threatening inclemency under its spreading branches; but even here danger seemed reclining, for the aged tree itself had not escaped the general shock that nature felt—its limbs, though large and extended, bent in a dreadful manner by pliant motions, like the tender rush, and threatened destruction to the foolish wanderer by its tremendous fall. The sun had refused unto him its usual warmth, and declined to administer its brightened rays; nothing was visible but gloomy clouds that were barely perceptible through the close unceasing showers of ponderous hailstones, large blossoms of snow, covering the surface of the earth, and unremitting drops of penetrating rain—

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rain. In this dilemma of astonishment his resolutions became stagnated, and made him exclaim against himself—

“ This is like the horrors of Hell’s darkness in mid day—this strange revolution in nature can prognosticate no good—the enterprize will not be productive of CAIN’s expectations——Heaven is offended—I will return.”

Thus said, he hastens back, and the tempest gradually decreased. Arriving at his harbour of peace, all nature assumed its wonted gaiety—the Heavens, and earth, and all parts of creation appeared unto him with a new face—This elevated his mind to contemplation—it raised his speculations to devout reflection and serious aspiration, and at the entrance of his shrubby cave, before stepping within it, he cries out—

“ ’Tis the will of Heaven—CAIN, relinquish all intricate desires for folly, and  
sub-

subdue thy anxious inclinations for prohibited curiosity.”—

Thus said, he enters his fragrant dwelling, and bends himself towards Heaven, and fervently addresses his God in a short ejaculation—

*“ My Maker, my God, with thee I know that clemency and mercy abound; remember not my transgressions, and forgive the trespasses of my foolishness; reveal thy will—commission Abel to make known thy future ordinations unto me; humble me under the numerous imperfections that surround me; endue me with wisdom, that I may not toil after folly; let the infirmities of my desires be subdued by a calm resignation to thy appointments, and my wishes be always subservient to thy will, that Satan’s malevolency may not tempt me again to sin against thee, nor the principles on which thy mercy is actuated towards me be abused by my indulgence of sin.”*

After this manner, in strains of devotion, did the remaining part of the day elapse  
with



with CAIN, almost insensible of that sustaining refreshment which nature required, or to procure those necessities of life to which he had been so long accustomed; and at the approach of night lays himself down on the mossy couch, and slept as composedly as on a bed of down. Lively and refreshed, the clearness of the morning reminds him of incumbent duties, and awaking with the early sun, observes the God of liberality dispensing the blessings of good around him—with contrition he implores his forfeited beneficence of Providence, and solicits strength to his fidelity, that the desires of his heart may not be at variance with his duty.

As time did escape him, so did the new schemes of happiness that engrossed his attention proportionably decrease and forsake him; and he soon began vigorously to renew his usual contentment; and daily admiring with resigned obedience the lenity of Heaven's laws, and meditating upon its bountiful works, drank plentifully, and partook gratefully of its delicious fruits—

Calmly

Calmly and unmoved by ruffled passions did numerous revolving seasons take their annual circuits, while CAIN could hold converse with irrational creation, with unintelligent beings, and by the influence of Heaven became familiarized unto him, while the innocent pleasures of the groves procured him inexpressible delight.

Years and experience had now made him wise, and CAIN again entertained inclinations of joining with mankind, and thus reasons with himself—

“ The will of God must be done ; but CAIN would learn to know the decrees of God. Must all the days of the years of CAIN be spent in retirement ; be lost to society, and unprofitable to mankind ? I will address Heaven, and secure safety from the dreadful wrath that attended my former desires : with sacred penance I would wish to solemnize that day ; and my yearly penance shall flourish upon its remembrance.”

Thus

Thus said, he prostrates himself with devout supplication at the footstool of Omnipotence, and presents his petitions with sacred devotion to implore direction from the all-wise God—this done, he retires to rest, and quietly enjoys the comforts of night. With the morning light, ere the sun had scarce began to diffuse its radiant beams through the moistening atmosphere, CAIN awoke, and again took leave of his domestic companions.

Through the wood he solemnly and slowly pursues his walk, and coming out upon the open and extensive plain, meditation took possession of him, and he began to contemplate on the uncultivated wild—The sun was gradually heightening, and making a feeble and streaming appearance through the azure sky—here he halts for awhile, and awaited the awakening of creation—the four-footed creatures of savage prey begin to open their yawning mouths, stretch out their extended tails, and shake their shaggy mains—the feathered tribe of chearful songsters spread  
their

their wings, and begin to hop from branch to branch, chirping their morning gratitude with innocent adoration, while the towering eagle sits majestically perched on the top of the aspiring cedar, waiting the sun's more powerful influence to wing its way towards Heaven.

The morning was captivating; the beauties that adorned nature were enchanting; and the delicious flavor proceeding from the variegated herbage, promiscuously scattered around the borders of creation, was highly alluring—it brought to his mind the Garden of EDEN; it resembled to his view a second PARADISE; such a promising aspect, such reviving hopes, stimulated him unto devout praise with attractive powers, and elevated his soul with extasy—he goes forward, every step raising tumultuous joy within him, his mind religiously dependent upon the goodness of Infinity—Solemnly, but cheerfully, he moves, no obstacle of art or nature to retard his peaceful passage; and the brightness of the atmosphere, aided by the reflection of the  
sun's



sun's beams upon the sweets of expanded productions beneath him, all joined to stimulate him forward; the scattered bushes, by their gentle motions from the soft and agreeable breezes, all seemed to combine to pay him obedience, and make his journey pleasant.

Again he halts for a while—on the grass he sits, and gave way to rumination, pondering deliberately on the probable advantages that might accrue by his entrance into the scenes of men, and thus speaks to himself—

“ I seek redress,” says he, “ from the grievance of humble happiness—and can humble happiness need redress?”—Here his imagination was stretched to the utmost—“ Can an entire ignorance of the world, and unacquaintance with busy life, procure a superior degree of happiness to the present? Will not temptations frustrate delightful expectations?”

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He could not bring his ideas to any regular conclusion, and found himself in a labyrinth of doubts how to act not to offend Heaven, or which course to direct his wandering feet, without the intermediate guidance of Providence—In this state of oppressive consternation he reasons with himself—

“ To the Lord will I make supplication to lead me through the spacious and unbeaten track—CAIN is to the world as one unborn—to its inhabitants or their manners he is estranged—their residence he knows not; nor the footsteps of one he can trace—I will make no further advances, but on this spot dedicate my soul by prayer to Heaven, and with importunity petition the instructions of my God.”

With devout veneration he humbles himself before the Almighty for wisdom and understanding; and in his sorrowful prayer to the Omniscient One, a voice mild and pleasing came unto him from the mouth of an invisible Agent—

“ CAIN,

“ Cain, direct thy feet eastward ; Angels shall guide thee to a peopled country—NOD by name; a land inhabited by the descendants of ADAM.”

From the ground he arises, and looks around, but no appearance of any existing spirit or substance from whence the voice came—his reliance was upon Providence—he knew the command was from Heaven, and eastward turns his eyes, and beheld a large tract of uncultivated barren wild, and its productions the sole produce of nature, deserts unfrequented and unknown to man—thus encouraged, he assumeth fortitude, and eagerly proceeds with chearful footsteps over the dreary plain.—Heaven smiled upon him; no disheartening occurrence intervenes to interrupt his journey, or render his walk unpleasant for successive revolving moons—the earth his wants supplied, and his preservation by day and night the Heavens assumed till he safely arrives within sight of the desired country; and approaching forward within a few paces of its dwelling, he kneels before.

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follows

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before the Lord, and lifts up his soul as follows—

*“ Almighty, and beyond the comprehension of mortals, merciful God, by justice are all thy ordinations established, condescend again to answer the fervent petition of the penitent, by thy gracious dispensations of revelation: protect me, O Lord, from such abounding iniquities as may be prevailing in the land, and bless me with thy impressive graces amongst this people: proportion my constancy to the trials I must conflict with, and endue me with an adequate measure of wisdom, superior to my present enjoyment, that I may know how to discern good from evil, and not err from the path of rectitude—let thy spiritual influence still overshadow me as a guardian from temptations, and the preservation of my virtue, so that Cain may glorify the Lord in the midst of mankind.”*

Cain now enters the inhabited place amidst crowds of numerous spectators—he was astonished!—’twas impossible for him to bring his ideas of their actions to any conclusions; and according to his concep-  
tions



tions of men and things, they appeared unto him as running to and fro for nought, very intent upon doing nothing; busily employed to no purpose, removing their situations, and making exchange of places.

Here **CAIN** took him a wife, had children, and built him a city.

After dwelling amongst the people of the land for the space of three or four hundred years, and to see his children's children to the fifth generation from his own loins, according to the Mosaical account, (or there would not have been people enough in the world to have either built, or inhabited a city after it was built) and still retaining his integrity, by upright walking before the Lord, with pureness of spirit, long acquaintance with mankind had convinced him that the children of men were subject to temptation, and prone to embrace evil, naturally at enmity with goodness and God. The soul of **CAIN** was disturbed; the ways of men became distressing and oppressive,  
and

and made reflection grievous—his wishes were to be separated; his inclinations prompted him to bid adieu to vain society, and sensual allurements, and return again to his forsaken spot of social fellowship and intercourse with irrational creation; where for successive uninterrupted seasons he had formerly enjoyed the necessary tranquillity and serenity that constitutes human felicity.

He is resolved, and takes a parting farewell of his surviving family, even to the fifth generation, dividing his paternal blessing by a recommendation to the protection of Heaven; with the admonitions of a tender father would sympathize for their danger, while he endeavoured to establish fortitude in their minds, to encounter the insinuations of SATAN with holy courage, and cleave unto the Lord of Hosts.

CAIN now proceeds forward towards his once delightful bower: nothing uncommon intervenes, during the course of his journey  
to

to impede his progress; and safely he arrives at the desired spot.

“ Still untainted or undefiled by the footsteps of man!” says he—“ All its inhabitants consist of the offspring of my former companions—still chearful, still harmonious, still innocent ! O CAIN, thou hast to regret thy many years loss of their social and harmless community !”

CAIN now began to resume his former happiness in solitude, and predicted to himself years of happy retirement ; every prospect around him, as far as the shady enclosure would admit a perspective view, had a lovely appearance, and soothed his soul with pleasing imaginations.

Thus did a circle of mature years take their revolutions, and increased with delight his sacred contemplations, free from many of those incidental mutations that in days of younger trials produced tribulation and sad  
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perplexity to his spirits—experience had made him sage; and he could render up his renewed obligations of gratitude to the beneficent One with a soul calmly serene, as the bountiful gifts of Heaven in regular rotation succeeded each other.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



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*C A I N ' S*  
LAMENTATIONS OVER  
A B E L.

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BOOK THE FIFTH.

I N the season of pleasing variety, and all creation beautifully decked with flowers of variegated plumage, the sun with its luminous orbs just breaking through the bespangled sky, *CAIN* awoke from sleep, and walked to the extremities of the grove, wondering and admiring the marvellous works of God with men and things—suddenly, instantaneously was he surrounded with a shining light uncommonly splendid, far exceeding the splendor of *ABEL*'s vision; at a distance he beheld a visage—the resemblance

blance of man—the lustre of an angel—but past description luminous—A pleasing astonishment for awhile deprived him of speech ; but conscience told him it was an omen of good tidings, that the Lord had not forsaken him. As he drew nearer to the cœlestial messenger he thus addresses him—

“ From whence art thou ?—arrayed in the apparel of Glory, declare thy mission : moments are valuable : delay not to reveal thy appointment : my soul is convinced thou art an ambassador from the Great Supreme : no deception can be concealed under thy appearance—Heaven can descry, and to Heaven are all the imaginations of my heart open ; and God, my Creator, knoweth that the resolutions of CAIN are estranged for ever from future communion or association with busy life—Bringest thou tidings of peace to the peaceful ? Bringest thou tidings of exultation from Heaven ? Doth ABEL glorify the LORD ? Is he triumphantly joining in Hallelujahs with the heavenly choir ? Does he still intercede with his God for CAIN, his

undeserving, his worthless brother? Is ADAM, is EVE, yet arrived amongst the celestial band? Are the two first parents of men dwellers on Earth or in Heaven? Answer me; quickly solve me—CAIN is conversant with Heaven; with spiritual beings alone would CAIN wish to join in communion—Visions from above cannot disturb me: with immortal shapes I can hold conversation without fear or dread—Contemplation has inured me to such vicissitudes, and created within me pure sensations of pious love and reliance upon my GOD—My soul is impatient for heavenly information; speedily remove a painful suspense—thou art not my enemy, the first great revolter against his Maker; his assaults on the poor fugitive were never accompanied with the garb of an angel of light—know thou this—I am prepared; calm resignation has fitted me for the ordination of GOD, even if thou art his constituted executioner to confound me with my original dust—with humble patience I acquiesce to his dispensations, and devoutly submit to his Almighty will—the

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malignant enmity of Hell's Infernals, nor all its plausible devices of temptation, can move the soul of CAIN to abate his confidence in his God—No attempts upon his fortitude can weaken the covenants he has repeatedly entered into with his God—the bolts of immortality would not have been loosened, nor thou permitted to visit theregions of mortals, if the message with which thou art entrusted did not effect the first-born of men. Knowest thou CAIN *the homicide? the fratricide? the murderer of his brother?*—*I am the man*—my destiny is the decree of Heaven—solitude is suitable—retirement is necessary for my soul; and daily do I wait for the fulfilment of justice—wretched darkness and abyss of confusion have at intervals been hovering about me since the fatal day; but compassionate mercy has still supported me to the present hour—the influences of Eternal clemency have impressed an awful and grateful sense of the Deity upon me for good. With thee I would commune: in the prospect of thy magnificent complacency I can rejoice: impatience keep pace with the movements of



time that escape me—ABEL, the spirit of my angelic brother, dispelled all fear, and revived my hopes that the gates of Heaven were not shut to the penitent.—In thy countenance there is no ferocity; in thy nature there can be no malevolency: from thee my eyes shall not be withdrawn till the mission of Heaven is revealed.”

CAIN was now very near the angel: undauntedly he looks; earnestly he fixes his eyes; and suddenly a trembling seizes him—utterance had forsaken him for awhile; presently with a faltering exclamation he breaks out—

“Imagination deceive me not!—Delusion, fly thou from me!—has not CAIN beheld these features in mortality?—a nearer survey may fuller convince me.”

He assumeth courage, and draws near—he shrieks! he cries out—

“My

“ My father! my father!—ADAM is thy name—ABEL has sent thee—thou art also ascended to the regions of bliss—thou art also admitted in fellowship with spirits made perfect!—Heaven is become thy dwelling place!—ABEL may again rest on his father’s affection, and both conjunctively celebrate praises of cœlestial harmony to the GOD of all praise. Where is EVE, the other parent of CAIN?—Has the mother of mankind yet added one to the angelic tribe?—Are the days of her transitory pilgrimage expired? Does she yet join in strains, and partake of heavenly melody?—O my father! commune with thy first-born; reveal unto him the mysteries of Omnipotency! Thy parental injunctions to CAIN, when but a youth in years, and aged in sin, have to this day occupied a portion of his soul—the GOD of ADAM, EVE, and ABEL has never forsaken him, but gave him understanding and wisdom to estimate time, and discern between good and evil—the temptations of SATAN have not prevailed—the exertions of CAIN for retaliation have been blessed with the gracious acceptance of

GOD : instances of his Almighty beneficence have been manifested beyond conception or imagination—ABEL was commissioned from Heaven to administer comfort, and his presence banished all despondency—the radiant beams of thy countenance predict complacency—with sacred pleasure can I gaze upon thee: thy mission must be correspondently *coelestial* and benign—my heaving pulse beats with eager irregularity to embrace thee: remove my conflicting passions already suspended on the pinnacle of hope, and adjust the innumerable crowd of imaginations that possess me; and with bended knees will I bow towards the earth, and receive the dread injunctions of Sovereignty with resigned calmness.”

With profound reverence he prostrates himself before the JUDGE of all the earth, and the spirit of ADAM thus began—

“ My child, CAIN, my first-born—see ADAM thy father—into those unfathomable depths of immortality, that outvies the utmost

most limits of finite conception, thy father but lately received the Almighty mandate to make his entrance—Angels conducted his flight through the hidden paths of æther, and joyfully lodged him beside the beatific presence of his maker—each cœlestial face was adorned with the smiles of resplendent glory, and welcomed the parent of generations into the mansions of felicity—The forwardest, the first approaching transcendant host that was prepared for the reception of the new visitant from Earth to Heaven, was ABEL his son; ABEL thy brother—he conducted; ADAM followed; and in glory was the SUPREME DIVINITY encompassed around with throngs of Angels and Archangels, united in one universal concord of praise and glory to the GREAT CREATOR.—No sooner admitted into Heaven, but ADAM was suffered to make his descent towards the borders of creation, to declare the will of GOD to CAIN his son, and prepare him for the future conflicts that await him on his journey from death to eternity! If thy mind is enlightened, improve it to thy spiritual

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ritual utility—examine the purity of all thy offerings in prayer, and make conscience undefiled thy messenger for presentation.”

“Father, knowest thou not that CAIN has woefully experienced the dire effects of unsavoury sacrifices—behold not yet erased, the MARK of GOD in his countenance.—Wave the discourse, my parent ; it will be kindling anew the burning sparks of vital flames, and render CAIN unfit for thy following admonition—No other reparation can CAIN make for ABEL's death, but unremitting contrition.”

“CAIN, the embassy of ADAM is not to add weight to the bitterness of thy feelings: it is to remove the poignancy of distress, by administering balms of heavenly herbage to stop its progress—The Lord is amiable—penitence is pleasing in his sight—thy sorrows and afflictions have been consecrated at the altar of lenient justice ; thy lamentations have been conspicuous to the inhabitants of Heaven; and in the due season of Infinite prescience,

science, will renewed mercy be displayed, as to transcend thy most extensive conception; placetherefore thy confidence in his promises, for he is punctual—In his engagements he is never embarrassed—With himself he is consistent with truth, and never confounded in his performances. Imperfectly mayest thou form conjectures; but very defective must be thy comprehensions of the portion of his gracious influence that has been secretly displayed towards thee—The depth of his mercy is fathomless; therefore let thy gratitude be the more magnified, and tranquillity will still find a retreat in thy bosom, and be promulgated by thy righteous conceptions of things. The Lord may at intervals reprove thee with seeming severity, but still have treasured store of compassion compounded with his authority; and thus, as lessons of instructive morality, teach thee how to serve him with fear, with love, and humility. Thy guilt still pursued thee; and still would thy anguish have been furiously piercing, had not thy contrition been proportionable to the magnitude of thy sin—herein hast thou assuaged

the wrath of offended justice, and received from Heaven the succours of Divine consolation. At present thou enjoyest the beautitudes of heavenly ardour. The benefits of thy Creator are immensely propitious; but their virtuous efficacy is lost, if drowned in the waves and tempests of undiscernment—Slacken not to render up thy rapturous sensations of piety unto the seat of the Holy One; and no discouraging concomitants of dejection will prevail, to sink thee under the necessary corrections of Almighty chastisement. The message of thy father is to announce peace, and declare unto thee the will of the Lord—He regardeth thy plaintive supplications with a merciful eye—his munificence exceeds language; and his wisdom elevates a righteous soul beyond imagination.”

Here ADAM ceased, and CAIN begins—

“ADAM, my glorified father, I am not estranged to the lengthened lenity of Providence towards me: through his abounding love are my days prolonged. Although the  
twist-

twisting reptiles in the grass are more innocent in nature, and fulfil the intent of Creation with more obedient conformity to his will, yet is CAIN noticed by his tenderness, and compared to the Angels in Heaven. Speak again, my father—Where is EVE my parent, the womb that sustained me? May CAIN promise himself the pleasing scene of another congratulatory interview with his mother in the world?"

ADAM replies—



"EVE is living. Frequent and fervent have been her offerings to Heaven since bidding adieu to her child—many have been the tears of hopeless sympathy, dropped compassionately from her still swollen eyes, when the dreadful scene did occur to remembrance; and with the weeping of unrestraining grief, would cry out—" *Woe be to me! alas! my children! one is dead, another lost from me for ever!*" Oftentimes was the manly fortitude of ADAM staggered to maintain his superior resolutions; and at weak intervals of reason, would



would imperceptibly draw from his aged eyes the watery drops of painful memory—against the flowings of nature's weakness did he struggle, and combat with the weighty reflections of his own soul, to abate its immoderate excess in the partner of his life, until the Messenger of Eternity presented the decree of Heaven to ADAM; and he obeying both chearfully and reluctantly the powerful dictate, took his worldly farewell of EVE his wife, and left the mother of ABEL but a few paces from whence she bid adieu to CAIN her child."

CAIN again speaks—

"Could CAIN meet his mother, and embrace his aged parent if he goes to seek her?—transported would he fly on the wings of rapidity, and let her witness the triumphant virtue that reigns in the bosom of CAIN—Advise me, father—Is it safe?—Will Heaven be offended? Shall I first supplicate the Deity to know its will?—Filial duty to my parent, and covenanted obedience to my Maker, are both pending in the same scale of

of Justice. Father, shall I go? GOD can accompany me there—EVE cannot come to me here—Would it not gladden her heart to have a sight of her child? Would it not be removing the anxiety that daily preys upon her speculations? Would it not dispel all dissatisfied motions of uncertainty dwelling within her, whether CAIN is or is not in the land of the living? Her many sleepless nights would then be buried in the mass of aged triumph, and her latter days be crowned with rest and peace, superceded by a thousand delightful images and representations of holy festivity in her mind. How reviving must be the language to her soul, to hear tidings of ADAM and ABEL in Heaven, from the lips of her hopeless and banished first-born—CAIN the lost—the forsaken CAIN!”

“CAIN, thy words are dictated upon virtue and duty—thy expressions are compounded with tender and sincere gratitude—but know, CAIN, the peculiar dispositions of Providence displayed towards thee for good, in this incorrupted solitude, demands thy serious

rious and deliberate consideration, that thou dost not in the moment of presumption invoke his displeasure. My son, no actions can be justifiable in the sight of God that are inconsistent with his decrees; nor canst thou prudently undertake to be thy own conductor in matters that come under his special appointment and ordination—thou hast hitherto received from him spiritual benefits, proportionable to the trials of thy body and tribulations of thy mind, all which proceed from the inexhausted source of his eternal benignity. My embassy to thee is peace and consolation—let sorrow be thy punishment; and punishment the gate that leads thee from the torrents of misery and death—be stedfast, be courageous, for time with thee is precious—days with thee are important—CAIN, believest thou this? Answer thy father.”

“Father, I know; father, I believe with sorrow, with lamentation, with repentance, with admiration, and with prayer;” and directly falling with his face to the earth, cries out—“*Bless me, O Lord.*” And looking

ing up towards his father, says—"Father, shall I supplicate Heaven to go and seek my mother, to pay the debt of dutiful affection, and revive the troubled soul of paternal affection? Haste, father, speak—CAIN is eager to open his lips to Heaven."

"God is good, my son—let contrition, humiliation, conviction, fear, and adoration, accompany thy supplication, and address thy God."

CAIN begins—

*"My God, my father's God, my mother's God, and the God of Abel my brother, the maker and Creator of all things in Heaven and Earth, look compassionately upon Cain the fratricide, the unfortunate first-born of the image of Heaven; he unto whom thy blessings have been so peculiarly distributed, with mercy hear him, O Lord; reject not his petition; permit his fervent supplication to gain admittance within the borders of Heaven; let thy repeated, thy renewed benevolence add new dignity and lustre to his soul—In presence  
of*



*of his father, immortal parent of the penitent, the angel of God, the sinful outcast, the desolate fugitive bows before thee, and with humble prayer at the footstool of thy Throne, lifts up, with pious devotion and awful reverence, his hopeful, his fearful petition—forget, O Lord, his iniquities, and cheer his hopes with condescending complacency——Reveal thy gracious will, O thou Eternal Majesty, unto Cain—If the long lost son may pay the debt of gratitude and duty to the mother of mankind, the womb that nourished the rebellious fratricide? Erase from the records of Heaven the premeditated, the inhuman act that stained the face of nature with the guilt of blood—Reveal thy will to the spirit of Adam: commission him to declare unto the suppliant thy gracious approbation, while discharging his already entrusted embassy in the brightness of a celestial host—give him the commands of Supremity, what is thy will for the anxious child to do—but withdraw not thy benedictive influence to leave him in dubious speculation to sin unknowingly against thee. Let thy will, O Lord, be done, and make Cain religiously patient and submissive to the mandate of his God—O God, be it so! be it so! O my God.”*

Here

Here ends the prayer of CAIN. With eyes intently and devoutly fixed upon the ground had Cain hitherto remained, and now looks towards the sky to see his father—he looks, he surveys the expanded atmosphere, he trembles, and with quivering limbs unable to sustain nature, down he fell with a groan to the earth—ADAM is gone! his comforter! The consoling friend of the suspending penitent has received the summons of Omnipotency to return to the Throne of Majesty. His eyes began now to overflow and water the ground with grief—the whole frame of nature was in a state of perturbation, and in the agonies of his soul would cry out—

“Heaven is offended! my petition is rejected!—God is displeased! My father, my comforter, in his sudden anger, is now recalled!—Involved in a gulph of amazing wretchedness, my soul bid thou adieu to all expectations of future fruition—again hast thou offended God! Was not thy desires open unto his Omnipotency? Was he not

acquainted with thy tender sensations for EVE? He wisely withheld the message from ADAM; then why presumest thou, CAIN, to direct Omnipotency? Canst thou fathom the depth of his wisdom? Vanity has again deluded thee!"

Thus reflections succeeded each other as a discorded mass of unsettled imaginations, and terminated instantly, before rumination could adjust its scattered fragments, and form them into any regularity for hope.

"The attributes of God are just the same," says he: "if the prayer was evil, the heart of CAIN was righteous before God."

These considerations would rejoice him, and inadvertently procure some consolation under the deplorable circumstances that his oppressed imaginations painted unto him. Thus he continues bewailing and groaning under his tribulations on the ground, till the cheering warmth of the sun was much exhilarated,

lerated, and its powerful influence upon creation visibly abated: the chilling damps were making their progressive motions through the vacuities of the earth rapidly, and the whole atmosphere loaded with moistening dew—these combined evils forewarned the mournful complainant of their forcible effects and approaching danger, and on his feet he arose—Slowly, and oppressively loaded, he proceeds towards his melancholy abode—as he walks he halts—and around him he looks, and looks again—nothing to be perceived but solemn silence and advancing night—his soul was eager for further expostulation with itself—he sighed for reconciliation again with God—consternations succeeded each other by quick rotations; and all the alleviation he could obtain for his unsettled and disturbed contemplations, was at times to open his lips with ejaculations to Heaven in the language of hope—

“ God is good ! God is merciful ! CAIN will still rest upon his God ! ”

With



With faculties thus deranged, meditations discomposed, and a mind roving from circumstance to circumstance, forgetfulness had suffered him to be overtaken with mournful darkness, and memory had forsaken him how to regain his solitary residence—thus is CAIN, the first-born of mankind, at present situated, bewildered in a maze of almost insanity; beclouded with the darkness of dismal night and loaded mind, and lost from all consoling society. Thus he traverses the unbeaten desert, thoughtless of safety; but by the hand of Providence was miraculously brought to his desired home. Conviction was immediately present with him—no deliberation was requisite at this time to convince him of the goodness of God; and with joyfulness of heart he cries out——

“ My God hath not forsaken me! a merciful guide and guardian have I found him through the barren wilderness—unto despair will I bid adieu: melancholy shall no longer rest on the brow of CAIN, for he can again  
rejoice

rejoice in the Lord—There are hopes,” he cried; “I will cherish and cultivate them.”

Cain was now seated in his peaceful bower, surrounded with sable darkness, while his ejaculations and contemplative thoughts winged their way to Heaven composedly, when, in the midst of his pious meditations, he hears at a little distance from him, a soft and tender voice—“CAIN, be watchful!” Before surprise and astonishment was scarce settled within him, he hears the second voice as a whisper in his ears—“Thy repeated offence has irritated Heaven; there are no hopes left!”

Here faith and resolution were powerfully besieged, and confidence began to waver—then again reflections assist to support him under the ponderous consideration—

“The voices were two,” says he: “danger must be at hand, or warning unnecessary—hopes cannot be banished, or CAIN need not be watchful—SATAN is still exert-

ing his machinations to overwhelm by his malevolency the already miserable—I will be comforted, and not by perdition offer aggravated violence to Heaven.”

Thus communeth CAIN with himself; and after presenting his offerings of gratitude to Heaven, lays himself down on the mossy couch, and presently falls into a profound slumber. Sleep refreshed him—his soul required a relaxation from its turbulent disquietudes—With the early lark he arose, and presented the morning sacrifice in the following language :

*“ With unfeigned acknowledgments, O God, I offer up my grateful tributes of praise; bestow upon me a portion of thy influence, adequate to the powerful attempts of my adversary, that in an unguarded moment he may not be triumphant over me.”*

From hence did CAIN enjoy for a season his meditations, and converse with Heaven and nature undisturbed, and in peace—when  
early

early in the dawn of a Sabbath, (which he regularly observed, as enjoined by God to ADAM) he perceived in the Heavens a luminous body making its way through the regions of ætheral space. Being twice before warned by similar appearances, his astonishment was lessened, but still struck an awful consternation into his soul, as its progressive motions became more and more visible: impatiently he awaits its nearer approach; and presently it was within a few paces, when its illuminating transcendancy overcame the whole face of nature; and CAIN with bended knees, unable to look on the exceeding transparency, closes his eyes, and cries out—

“ What is this? it has the resemblance of an entrance into Heaven! Can I face my Maker?—with shame I shut my eyes.”

While in this situation of doubtful and pleasing impulse, a voice entered his ear as follows—“ CAIN, thou art deceived—Heaven is not for thee—Hell waiteth with open mouth to receive thee into the bowels of its

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flaming



flaming gulph: prepare, therefore, for thy everlasting reward."

CAIN directly turned round to see from whence the sound came, and immediately a second voice gently speaks—"CAIN, I say, be watchful."

This cheers and revives his languishing spirits; and looking up he beheld a conflict in the clouds betwixt two—he was convinced the combatants must be for Heaven and Hell—with bended knees towards the ground, and eyes and hands uplifted, he cries out—

"Strengthen, O God, the hands of thy servant."

With holy fear and admiration he beheld the dreadful battle, till victory leaned on the side of Heaven; and while the beatitudes of Glory surrounded the victor, the vanquishment of SATAN was evinced by a terrible howling, and vanishing of the infernal fiend.

CAIN

CAIN beholding the conquest over the Prince of Darkness, cries out—

“Angels and men are thine, O God!—Adversaries of Heaven must fall woeful victims to thy superior power!”

The Angel now approaches CAIN, who presently recognized the glorious features, and with exulting rapture, and joy in his countenance, cries out—“My father! my father!”

ADAM thus begins—“CAIN, my child, hear the injunctions of thy God!”

“Father, comest thou with peace?”

“With peace, my son.”

“Speak, my father.”

“My son, thy prayer to Heaven reached the Throne of God. The unexpected visitation experienced by thee in the intermediate

space, was the result of Infinite rectitude, for reasons peculiar to his own self existing will — Cease, therefore, CAIN, to wonder at these dispensations, and be attentive to the voice of ADAM. The will of GOD must be fulfilled. The present spot occupied by thee is peculiarly adapted for thy fruition in holiness, and must not be abandoned for a time — it is the command of thy Maker through ADAM unto thee — The Lord rejecteth not thy filial petition; and the desires of thy soul will be accomplished at his appointed time — Wait thou with obedient patience, and increase in thy improvement in the science of humble adoration and praise. Thou shalt embrace thy mother, and the parent of men shall embrace her child: Satan shall not overcome thee, nor his assaults dismay thee, while thou retest with sacred confidence in the Lord. Having now delivered unto thee the dictates of Heaven, must again bid adieu, my son, and return to the cœlestial Court of triumphant glory.”

CAIN

CAIN replies—"Go; return to ABEL my brother, and join with him in praising God with eternal joy."

ADAM immediately ascended towards Heaven in the clouds, and CAIN saw him no more.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



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*C A I N ' S*

LAMENTATIONS OVER

A B E L.

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BOOK THE SIXTH.

“*A*ND has *ADAM* taken his last farewell?” says *CAIN*—“Wait now patiently my soul, for the further manifestations of thy *GOD*: still enjoy the sweets of solitude: without rational community thou mayest be devoutly contemplative, and a chearful resignation will be comfortably solacing unto thee, till the will of the Lord is revealed—swift footed time is rapidly passing thee, and soon wilt thou see the termination of thy days—yet the awful summons of Eternity will not await thee until the mother of men has embraced  
her

her child! Oh, all ye shrill voiced warblers, aid me by your musical instructions to celebrate my adorations devoutly—let your morning tributes accelerate my reciprocal adorations in strains of unfeigned gratitude, that with calm contentment I may be submissively obedient to the ordinations of my Creator; and all ye, the domestic companions of my peaceful retreat, who daily awaken my meditations upon Infinity, inspire me with that native instinct that moves you to punctual praise, and teach me how to augment our mutual community, and emulated by your examples, I shall not offend Heaven; establish the present subsisting fellowship amongst us till the end of time—with CAIN your silent and inarticulate admonitions have been seasonably instructive and useful, and learned the aged man lessons of morality.”

Thus reasons CAIN with himself and creation, and from hence enjoyed every requisite happiness his soul needed, or circumstances required; and piously resigned to his condition,

dition, he reaped continual consolation, and dedicated his hours to necessary duties of life—diligent and watchful did he nurture and feed the tender young of his numerous family, and procuring the balms of nature's herbage to the infirm and wounded, from the creeping reptile to the majestic lion: every inhabitant of the grove, to whom that spot was friendly, partook of his compassionate caresses and cares: in this exercise of humanity to brutes he could reap both rational pleasure and profit.

A few seasons had elapsed, and CAIN, in his wonted round through the spreading branches and entwinements of the grove, heard a sound pleasingly mournful, but plaintively dreadful; all the agitations to which discomposed nature is subject, both in joy and sadness, seemed to be conjunctively in motion—it surprised him—patience would not admit of delay by attention—he proceeds towards the spot, guided by the unusual accents softly whispering through the leaves, while the reverberating echo was awful to his ears;

ears; he approaches a close shade of prickly brambles, nicely jointed all round with peculiar exactness, and curiously interwoven by the artful industry of its occupier; one small vacuum only open for the admission of its guests. CAIN without hesitation looks within, and his astonishment ceased with pleasing reflections and improved sensations, when being convinced of this supernatural effect on his mind. He saw, worn out with the successive revolutions of years, and rendered infirm and helpless by the decay of age, the once powerful, but now languishing lioness: the last remains of lengthened days were diminishing; and around the dying dam stood the venerable sire and an offspring of tender cubs, joining in mournful plaints, while the soft accented moans of departing life were conveyed through the enclosures of the close retreat in strains of sober melancholy. CAIN's appearance produced no consternation in this disconsolate dwelling of solemn sadness—his face, his manners, were familiarized to the brute creation—they look on him with irrational reverence, not estranged from



brutal sympathy, nor acquainted with human feeling—CAIN with admiration beholds the mournful spectacle. The expiring lioness opens her eyes and sees CAIN, Lord of the creation—for seasons past had she been accustomed to receive the daily food of his liberal donation in common with all other creatures—she shewed not the least emotion or terror at his sight, but moved her tail for gladness—gave one doleful moan, and expired. The faithful family attendants, as by instinct of nature guided, immediately began to paw the ground, and make an opening to conceal with earth and leaves the deceased parent ; while CAIN began to employ his reasonable faculties upon the various circumstances around him——

“The beast is dead,” says he—“she lies as ABEL laid—*breathless!*—I will assist the diligent survivors to discharge their debt of nature, and mine of duty, and help to commit the perishing corpse to the earth.”

Thus

Thus said, he joined the hasty labourers, and fulfilled the obligation that natural feelings suggested to him. The mournful family afterwards turned tail, and fled further into the wood, and CAIN returned to his own bower, and communeth with himself after the following manner —

“ Like the forgotten beast, soon will CAIN the forsaken be! No affectionate wife, no tender parent, no filial child to bewail his expiring moments, or discharge the last office of moral duty to his perishing frame: here CAIN will perish as a beast perisheth, unpitied of all, and unnumbered with the dead of mankind—Heaven I will supplicate to go and seek EVE my parent, before the dreadful day approaches.”

Immediately in a short ejaculation he supplicates the Divine Majesty for the gracious permission, and betakes him to rest; and at the dawn of the morrow prepared for his journey. The morning was clear, the early birds were arisen chearfully melodious, and

gaiety spread itself on all sides of him; a numerous tribe of faithful domestics follow him to the opening desert, which CAIN seeing, he exclaims with admiration—

“ Here is affection irrational! veneration undesigned! esteem without guile! the poor creatures regret my departure; by melancholy movements they would convince me of their sensitive sorrow, and by silent motions covet my longer stay—I will return and sooth every one with a touch.”

He walks back, and not one of the pitiful train attempts to shun his approach, or shrink from his tender feel—such was the subsisting amity between CAIN and irrational creation, that the savage ferocity of the voracious tiger had forsaken him, and the natural timidity peculiar to the feathered lineage was now banished from their nice sensations; and from spray to spray did they hop, silently and mournfully affected with sagacious discernment, at the loss of CAIN's society. With deepness of thought he pauses, and  
won-

wonders at these strange and powerful operations on the instinctive faculties of creatures of different natures and properties; and gently stroking each noble beast, and softly laying the ruffled feathers of the now silent songsters, he bids them adieu, and takes his last farewell.

CAIN now proceeds forward, ruminating on the various disasters, conveniences, and circumstances of life that had befallen him since the murder of ABEL, and thus begins to reason with himself—

“Conscience at times has singed me—fear at seasons has been terrifying to me; but reflections on God’s mercy, equity, and truth, have supported me—Powerful have been Satan’s frequent assailments, and proportionably liberal have been Heaven’s merciful protections, and due obedience to the instructive lessons of ABEL and ADAM have taught me temperance in my desires, and prudence in my conduct; and to the years of aged experience, have all my afflictions  
of



of mind been alleviated by the seasonable counsel of improving wisdom, and brought me to the approaching period of embracing my mother. Now, let my footsteps keep pace with the movements of swift-winged time—Contemplation will impede progression, and retard my pursuits after the desirable meeting—leave me for awhile ye multiplicity of charming ideas that croud promiscuously upon my conceptions, that my speed may bear similitude to the swift-footed deer, and bring me without obstruction within sight of the happy Eden—Eastward of that beautiful spot (adorned with the variegated productions of odoriferous flowers and herbage, cultivated by the diligent hand of improvement) shall I find the mother of men, surrounded with a numerous offspring of a later and purer race than CAIN her unfortunate first-born—ere now she has erased from recollection the vile miscreant—while the horrid act is still retained in memory, while the bloody remembrance produces bitter anguish to her soul, when she caresses  
with

with aged affection the fruits of her after progeny."

Thus communeth CAIN with himself, and still proceeds forward without interruption or delay, taking his nightly repose on the open and untrodden plain, and rising every morning with the tuneful lark, who punctually warned him of approaching day. Protected by Heaven and provided by Providence, he arrives within sight of Eden's Garden; to the east he bends his course; and towards the setting sun at a distance he beholds the heart wounding, the melancholy spot! the spot where ABEL died! Nature was overcome! CAIN sunk to the ground! Reflection was too powerful for him to withstand—darkness overtook him before reason could be collected, and all the night was devoted to supplication to Heaven, when the intervals of examination would permit his addresses to the Throne of God. In the morning the diligent warblers gave him timely notice of the rising sun, and he proceeded forward; presently appeared to his view the  
grassy

grassy hillock that for a series of years had faithfully withstood the tempests and hurricanes of disturbed creation, and concealed in sacred security the harmless dust. He stops—anguish, sorrow, grief, and every reflective concomitant of guilt brings to remembrance, with torturing remorse, the painful scene—heavily he proceeds till within sight of Eve's abode; and still pensively advancing, he presently beholds the venerable parent of mankind dandling on her knee, with the dalliance of smiling gravity, the infant offspring of the eighth generation. The impression such a sight made on the mind of CAIN, added to his own reflections, would not, for the present, admit of a serious or settled conclusion how to proceed; which produced the following soliloquy—

“ My presence will undoubtedly cause confusion, and probably discording opinions and unfavourable conjectures in the minds and sentiments of the peaceful happy—It is a generation strangers to the person of CAIN—their knowledge of the unfortunate criminal

ex-

extends not beyond the boundaries of historical relation of him; and unacquainted with his many years deep contrition and penitence, can only retain in their bosoms an implacable hatred and detestation for his memory; for tradition has recorded in the minds of the descendants of ADAM the pre-mediated, the hellish deed that involved CAIN in years of bitter woe—My further approach may be dangerous. Overcome by the sudden impulse of anger and passion at the first sight of CAIN's infamous MARK, they may, before calm consideration gives place to patient hearing and reason, in one united body be revenged on CAIN for a brother's death."

In this dubious alternative he petitions Heaven for instructive lessons of wisdom—a voice charmingly soft and pleasing enters his ear—

"CAIN, proceed, and fear not."

Thus



Thus emboldened, he communes with himself—

“First will I approach the grave of ABEL, and be eye-witness to the devastation that revolving time has made on the once green and flourishing turf, that entombeth naive purity and primitive simplicity—thus shall I be prepared by calm and mature reflections to join in converse and unite in harmony with the righteous family unknown.”

Thus said, he hastens towards the grave of ABEL, and his eyes beheld the fruit of paternal and fraternal veneration for a child, for a brother—every odoriferous herb and sweet-scented flower, to which this cultivated spot of harmless nature was friendly, plentifully surrounded, with their luxuriant sweets, the tenement of clay, and distributed voluptuously their balmy flavours all around. The soul of CAIN now soars aloft with warm emulation at the affection and love of distant generations for the memory of a brother unknown. In a posture of bended humility

mility and devout meditation he fixes his eyes on the hallowed recluse, too intent on the object of his awakening memory to perceive the playful innocents around him, (the children and grand-children of ENOCH and METHUSELAH) that infantile curiosity and admiration had drawn together to gaze on the unknown stranger—when presently looking up, the little inoffensive visitors, equally surprised and frightened, run with speed towards their home, to take refuge in the arms of their protecting parents. CAIN still continuing in an uncomposed state of mind, and his intellectual powers almost forsaken him, had not fortitude or resolution to quit the grave, and in a few minutes saw approaching him the image of aged rectitude and religion—EVE, the parent of mankind—the mother of ABEL, leaning on the arm of the youthful LAMECH, and supported on the other side with the close embraces of her children's children, clinging their little hands with terrific imaginations to her covering garments. CAIN saw and knew his mother ere she was  
near

near him—" *It is my mother!*" he cried, and down he fell with his face on the grave.

The aged parent draws near, and with sympathy commiserates the unhappy stranger—in vain she strives to soothe him with the language of pity and providence.

"Heaven," said she, "has directed the wandering footsteps of the unfortunate to the mansions of reflective sorrow—see how he lies with pulses beating irregular courses on the turf of silent darkness.—Arise, thou distressed—partake of the bounties of nature's liberality—behold EVE the ancient of living, the mother of men, prepared to administer the needful consolation and comfort unto thee: let her assist thee with the soft endearments of tenderness and compassion: embrace her friendly offers for thy interest, moved towards thee only by motives of mutual sensation—afflict not thyself with unlimited grief; nor permit anxiety to prey on thy cheeks, while cordial relief invites thy acceptance."—

LAMECH

LAMECH now gently touches CAIN, and opens his mouth to him as follows—

“ Oh, thou dejected! overcome with the weight of affliction and troubled mind—*Who art thou? Arise!* Be not deaf to the intreaties of sage experience—no harm awaits thee amongst the descendants of EVE—look up, and behold the countenance of venerable affection, revered by a numerous offspring—the heart of our universal parent beats with mournful breathings for the alleviation of thy distress.”

CAIN now lifts up his eyes, and beholds the chearful, painful smile of compassionate feeling in the face of his feeble parent, and immediately arose, and cries out—

“ My mother! my mother! my mother! EVE, my parent! behold CAIN the long lost first-born of thy womb! behold the humble penitent—the sorrowful convert—look in the face of CAIN, and doubts will fly thy breast—see the immoveable  
STIG-



STIGMA of GOD—Art thou now convinced, my mother?”

“It is my child!” cries EVE, embracing him; and with joy and infirmities of years sinks to the ground. Cain assisted ENOCH, the father of METHUSELAH, to raise her from the earth, but her overflowing faculties of gladness rendered her incapable of uttering the joyful language of her soul. Slowly they proceed towards the fragrant, the delightful abode of EVE, and procuring the necessary cordials and refreshing juices, she recovered her spirits, and began to commune with her son—her first-born long lost child! while a large family of each sex and all ages, some of each tribe from SETH to LAMECH, surrounded them with sober attention, and listened with pleasing satisfaction to the edifying discourse.

EVE thus began: “How have the days of the years of my son been spent? Has the Lord been *in* and *out* with thee, my son? Is the soul of my first-born relieved by any  
en-

encouraging consolation from his God? Is the violence of all unruly disorders banished from the breast of the elder of men? Has CAIN resisted all temptations to sin in the interval of long parental absence? And is he returned to close the eyes of his aged mother in peace?

Here CAIN relates to his mother the various occurrences and circumstances that had befallen him in the course of his banishment from EDEN's view, which produced in EVE different sensations of emotion, as his historical relation affected her conceptions, and as the successive rotation of events that had accompanied his solitary as well as busy life impressed upon her reflections; but the narration of ABEL's and ADAM's appearing to him revived her aged soul with extasy of joy, and produced raptures of unbounded gratitude and devotion to Heaven. Here the tears of contemplative powers burst their vent through the weakly eye-lid, and moistened the cheeks of CAIN with affectionate embraces of aged triumph and joy.

“ And

“ And is my husband and child in glory ?” said she—“ then Eve will die in peace—Will my first-born now take up his dwelling in the bosom of parental tenderness, and forsake not his mother till her body is committed to its parent soil ? Come, ye children all, the offspring of ADAM, let us unite in one general concord of harmonious adorations: assemble round the altar of sacred piety, and increase with your unfeigned devotion the grateful praise—lift up your hearts and voices with a unity of solemn veneration to Heaven, not only for the gracious donations enjoyed by ourselves, but for its distinguishable blessings displayed towards the dead and the living.”

EVE having now summoned all her faithful family around her, with cheerfulness and alacrity they pay obedience to the venerable injunction, and silently join their reverend parent in ejaculation to Heaven as follows—

“ *At the footstool of thy throne, O God of Heaven, we assemble to render up the feeble ac-*

*cents*

cents of our praise: let not the imperfections of our unripened adorations displease thee: separate all defilements from the purity of our sacrifices, and reject not our offerings for being compounded with defects—before us is a living instance of thy benign love and kindness; and by manifest revelation we are convinced of thy heavenly benediction to those that are gone before—for those thy gracious dispensations accept the unfeigned tributes of our souls as presented with conscientious celebration and pious sensations of devotion; prepare us also to encounter, with sacred fortitude, the trying conflict of approaching dissolution and separation: perfect the necessary work that remaineth unfinished in the mother of mankind: let her increase the conjunctive voices of praise in glorifying thee for ever and ever. Leave not the first-born of men in his latter days to the power of his awaiting adversary—complete the work of penitence and atonement within him, and disdain not to reward his repentance with thy future influence—Let the graces of Heaven flow down plentifully upon this rising seed, and water those plants of future generations with the dew of divine mercies, that they may escape the snares of evil designs, and answer the



*purposes of their creation righteously, to thy glory, the good of their own souls, and guides to succeeding posterity."*

Here EVE endeth her prayer; and CAIN addresses himself to the family around—

"Ye children of ADAM, brothers and sisters to ABEL in glory, behold the first-born of mankind; learn from the mouth of dire experience to be wise unto good, and eschew the paths of evil—See before you CAIN the guilty! The gravity of years, nor devastation that revolving seasons have made upon the ruddy countenance and robust complexion of your aged kinsman, can erase or diminish the denounced vengeance of GOD upon him for the unnatural crime; from generation to generation the MARK of infamy distinguishes him from the purer race of men: unceasing have been his days of lamentation in solitude; consecrating penitence has accompanied his mournful hours, and revolutions of scenes unexpected and profitable, have continually attended the  
wrath-

wrathful decree—Let not animosity exist amongst you towards the aged unfortunate—cherish not hatred against the worn out sufferer: admit him cordially into your fraternity of peace, and let him find comfortable consolation amidst grey hairs and children, and calmly to end his days in the band of a holy society.”

Here CAIN ceased speaking to his relations, when METHUSELAH thus began—

“ Our brother, judgment is the prerogative of God; filial duty and love belong to brothers and sisters—Take up thy abode with us: comfort our aged parent with thy occasional relations of providential dispensations; it will be grateful to her ears, and make her private meditations pleasingly instructive to herself; while our younger branches will listen with eager curiosity, and be almost inadvertently brought to awful contemplations on the wisdom and goodness of God; they will thereby increase in sacred knowledge, seemingly by inspiration; while our youth of

constitutions more robust, and inured to fatigue and labour, shall fulfil the duties of the day with chearful alacrity to provide the necessary supplies of sustenance for our aged mother and CAIN our brother."

"Dwell with us, thou reverend years," cries the children with one united voice—"and with our tender aid we will join to contribute to thy daily comfort."

"Peace dwell amongst ye, innocents—with you I will abide," says CAIN.

"With delightful hearts, and unspeakable gratitude, may we never cease presenting our acknowledgments to Heaven, to the giver of all good gifts," says EVE.

Now every one partakes him to his necessary occupation; and EVE and CAIN are left to enjoy the pleasing reflections of the promising unity and happiness. Daily did CAIN take his thoughtful round amongst the cultivated enclosures of his sociable and beloved

loved companions—tranquillity had taken up her resting place in his soul, and with his aged mother could enjoy, under the blossoming branches of shady arbours, the exhaling sweets of variegated flowers, and join in concord the musical and mellifluous harmony of the warbling inhabitants—punctually would he go, and pay a pensive and reflective visit to the grave of ABEL—these occasions made transgression painful to his memory, while consolation was elevated within him by contemplating upon Heaven's many instances of providence and encouraging mercies—with tears of grief he waters the flowers ; with the language of hope he would embrace the turf, and glorify God in the midst of groans and sighs.

EVE, in one of her solitary and slow excursions on the borders of fertility, accompanied by a youthful train of chearful descendants, beheld CAIN reclining on ABEL's grave, and approaching him, seated herself by his side, and entered into discourse as follows—



“ My dear child, we rest on a couch, the devoted spot of sanctity ; underneath us abides in peace and quietness the remains of mortality, the dust of primitive innocence—the parent earth conceals securely the once existing flesh demolished, and safe in its bowels is wrapped the dust of ABEL. These are opportunities which Heaven has vouchsafed to my first-born for reflection and improvement of mind ; conscience may here undisturbed penetrate into the dark cavern below, and meditate profitably upon the dreadful scene.”

“ From thy lips proceed the words of truth, my mother,” replieth CAIN—“ Pensive years and woeful experience has been productive of improved effects from CAIN’S meditations—It is true, spiritual instruction can be obtained by conversing with the entombed silent—thoughtful serenity is the concomitant of solitary devotion, and the awakened soul thereby prepared for heavenly communion—Rejoice, thou parent of all men, with the greatest criminal, with the greatest

greatest penitent, and marvel at the merciful operations of Almighty goodness, to grant peace of mind to the most iniquitous."

"My son, the language of thy lips is comfortable—the words of thy mouth are reviving—with calm resignation could EVE now render up her soul unto GOD; with peaceful tranquillity could she surrender all nature's perfections into the hands of its Creator, and chearfully bid adieu to all momentary felicity and transitory enjoyments—her end is approaching; her moments fly with rapid progression; and shortly will the dictate be declared that summon the first sinner and first mother to her everlasting home."

After this manner discoursed EVE with CAIN, both seated on the consecrated turf of ABEL, and CAIN perceived a faltering in her speech—a sudden emotion in her limbs that seemed to predict an immoveable calamity—the melancholy catastrophe was near at hand that was to separate parent from child and children—the dissolution of mor-

tality was evinced by approaching symptoms of meagre death—the pale, the wan visage was apparent in her countenance, and age and nature seemed jointly combined to take a farewell of mortality together—the mother of ABEL sinks on the bosom of CAIN—the scene is now become awfully mournful!—the young and the youthful cry out

“ Our mother is dying!”



She is speechless! CAIN waters her quivering cheeks with tears of melting anguish, while the little sobbing infants run to call assistance from the elder and wise, and presently was ABEL's grave surrounded by all ages, of both sexes, each dutifully applying with diligent exertion the most salutary balm, productive of the native soil, striving to administer the necessary aid to restore again the feeble motions of venerable affections, but alas! the decree of Heaven was fulfilled! their mother is no more!—EVE has joined the communion of spirits; silence has closed

closed her lips, and darkness her eyes for ever !

CAIN cries out—"Enclose me, my mother, in the arms of death, and convey me through the tracts of æther to the regions of immortality."

And down he drops with EVE on his breast on ABEL's grave—in a swoon he lieth while the sympathizing family hasten to discharge their duty towards the living and the dead.

The men prepared for concealment of the parent corpse with its native earth in the grave with ADAM, while the women were busily employed in recovering the almost hopeless faculties of—now—the ancient of living—CAIN the first born of men.

Long was the time before reason returned to its wonted composure, and religious resignation acquiesced to Heaven's determination, when CAIN found himself seated



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with domestic reverence in the delightful  
arbour of ENOCH's son, while the vigour of  
the youthful had paid the debt of duty and  
nature to the body of EVE, and carefully  
laid her to rest on the coffin of ADAM her  
husband.

The mind of CAIN became gradually  
calm and tranquil, while the embracing  
fondness and chearful obedience of all to  
his will, increased his happiness and softened  
his reflections, and also stimulated him to  
an exercise of his mind by improving his  
own declining days, and instructing the  
rising youth in the incumbent duties of  
virtue, truth, and holiness. Bending under  
the weight of years, he would nurture with  
tender love and fondness, children's children  
to the latest generation. On all sides did  
reverence and esteem unite to fill up the  
measure of his days with undisturbed and  
unmolested peace; and from the circum-  
stances of revolutions elapsed, and reflecti-  
ons on the past and approaching vicissitude  
near at hand, he required all the solacing  
con-

consolation that his faithful family could render him, to support him under those frequent recollections of occurrences that required his utmost fortitude to surmount, and from whence no alleviation could be derived but by confidence in his God, and improvement of flying time by holy conversation—attended by the young and innocent he compasses the cultivated enclosures with the smiles of aged pleasure, and partakes of the harmless amusements of the children with chearful gravity.

Punctually did he observe his daily rounds with feeble footsteps, and visited his brother's grave in regular course—here conviction still predominated over the weakness of human nature, and drew almost imperceptibly the tear of contrition from his wrinkled eye-lid, already near dry with revolving years. Nothing could eradicate from his memory the painful scene; and when gazing upon the multitude of variegated flowers that decked the sacred spot, and diffused the sweetest odours all around, thought would sometimes



be too powerful for his aged faculties to maintain, and throw him almost into a trance, while the little harmless attendants would use every effort peculiar to their infantile sagacity to divert his attention by playful recreations, drawing him by the stratagems of inoffensive art from the melancholy spot, inciting his speculations to objects more suitable to decaying nature, and delivering him from the loaded anxieties of insupportable impressions.

Thus was CAIN, the eldest of the first generation, guided by children the youngest of the last—with delight he looks down on their smiling faces, and follows with pleasure their wandering footsteps; forgetting for awhile the fatal stroke of ABEL, would become like one of them, and join their healthy diversion with the cheerfulness of infirmity, and at the same time listen with delight to the tuneful choristers on the waving branches, spiritualizing their harmonious voices into melodious devotion.

All nature to him was now become natural; and from even the inanimate as well as irrational works of creation he could derive inward consolation, and meditate profitably upon all God's works.

Resting upon the branches of a bending cedar, thoughtful on Eternity, he reasons with himself as follows—

“ Revolving years have taken their rapid courses through the space of swift-winged time, and attended with circuitious events to CAIN—the hour is approaching when the first, the greatest premediated delinquent will bid adieu to mortality, and feed unalterably the powerful force that now separates life from death, and know what immortality is—then can he judge of the power of penitence, and if contrition can accomplish the pardon, and appease the wrath of offended Heaven. The reflection is awfully penetrating! it impresses with ponderous ideas on the aged mind: still is CAIN loaded with sorrowful meditations when the death of  
ABEL

ABEL intrudes upon his silent ejaculations—neglect not to embrace with sensible gratitude the season of flying graces to meet thy Judge!—O CAIN! God has not avowedly manifested unto thee his forgiveness. What are his declarations from Heaven towards thee more than thy hopes founded upon his repeated clemency and thy lengthened days for penitence? Let not thy dependence rest entirely upon those past encouragements, but persevere in thy duty of contrition, that the tempter may not destroy thy hope at last.”

CAIN's contemplative powers were now very much impaired, and his aged faculties soon overpowered with the infirmities of nature, and the weight of intense thought were more than his years could support, although the love, veneration, and obedience of his whole family was evident in all their conduct—for those were all unacquainted with the weight of his malady, though not strangers to its cause—every effort was administered to erase the dreadful transaction from his memory,

mory, so far as to abate its rigour on his solitary devotions; but his greatest consolation was derived from contemplating upon ABEL's and ADAM's visitations; these reflections would preponderate, and soothe him under the burden of his weighty considerations.

On the eve of Sabbath, CAIN with LAMECH, a youth of the last generation, went forth to feed the flocks—"Behold," says he to the youth, "let the purity and innocence of the playful lambs be exemplary for thy future life—let their harmless diversions stimulate thee to the love and practice of friendship and peace—these are virtues that ornament the soul—qualifications that beautify the whole frame of nature—in unity dwell thou amongst thy brethren—cherish not hatred against thy bitterest enemy, and thy days will be prolonged, and thy soul calmly glide on the surface of those tumultuous waves that ebb and flow with the continual vicissitudes of the world—despise not the admonition of experienced years—let the reasoning of the ancient predominate over  
the



the immature judgment of thy youth, and sage advice be effectual on thy pliant mind—Survey the flock—behold the native simplicity of harmless creation—unto sin they are estranged, neither are their pleasures compounded with evil; and equally unknown to them are those exalted degrees of sublime reasoning, and forming ideas of the excellencies of their Maker's attributes, and the knowledge of future glory with which man is nobly endowed by his God. As the hours of time elapse, so do the seasons of preparation for eternity escape us.—Look up—view the countenance of the guilty aged! the stigma of conscience wounded, and the dire **MARK** of iniquity always accompanies the worthless criminal, and nought but abounding mercy has hitherto secured him from the jaws of everlasting death—a death conjugal with the never ending torments of languishing life—these are the concomitants of sin—these are the unavoidable companions of hardened and impenitent transgressors, the direful sentence of offended Majesty. As thy moments fly, let deliberations on these important

portant revelations weigh on thy mind, thou son of METHUSELAH."

CAIN having ended, LAMECH the youth thus began——

"Thou eldest of the aged, veneration is due to thy years—from thee sage counsel is esteemed expedient—advice from the grave experienced cannot be otherwise than salutary and productive of real good—rooted in my soul shall thy persuasive admonitions be established; and may a portion of CAIN's virtues be bountifully conferred by the God of all good upon the youth of LAMECH."

"Child, with all its imperfections, may my blessing attend thee——Arise; let us be gone—thy parents will seek thee as lost, while the aged will be forgotten in the hurry of anxious imaginations for the young—distracted thoughts will irregularly flow and intermix with the cares of dejection for the promising, the hopeful boy. See, yonder they come, and the motions of their foot-

footsteps keep pace with the velocity of time—haste thou; fly into the arms of paternal embraces, and deliver thy tender mother from doubtful apprehensions.”

The youth ran to meet his father and console his mother, and bring them with joy to the spot where CAIN was seated.

“Father,” says METHUSELAH, “diligently have we sought thee; and with plaintive voices dreaded to find thee, foreboding some disastrous calamity had befallen our father. Thy sight revives our drooping spirits, and cheers our almost despairing hopes—behold the assembly of gladness that surrounds thee—joy sits smiling on every brow, and dejection is banished from every face at sight of thee—return with us to the disconsolate bower, and dispel the gloomy moans of the painful mother and children of ENOCH.”—

“Ay, ye virtuous,” says CAIN, “I go: be quick: let us not retard the pleasing inter-  
ter-

terview, nor suffer grief affectionately founded upon groundless speculations to abide in those religious dwellings of peaceful felicity."—

They all retire, and a concord of tranquil joy echoes throughout the grove, while every dwelling partook of the harmonious community.

“Leave us not again,” cries JARED, “with minds bordering on distraction, and with painful anxiety dubious of thy welfare—take with thee the elder to accompany thy contemplative walks, and render the needful aid thy feeble nerves may require, in case of sudden calamity. Children may divert thee, youth may rejoice thee, but ’tis riper years that must procure the necessary succour in thy helpless days—from hence limit thy walks to a shorter space, and never outgo the sound of ENOCH’S voice. In thee is our comfort—we lose all when thou art lost; but when Heaven decrees that fate, we can calmly resign to its irrevocable dictate; till then let not our thoughts be again suspended  
on



on the pinnacle of fear for CAIN our father—we call thee parent, for years entitle thee to that duty from us.”

Thus speaketh JARED to CAIN, and brought the Man of Sorrow to his arbour of quietude, and rejoiced the whole family around, while a sober sadness was settled on the furrowed cheeks of CAIN, a reluctant melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and excited the family to interrogation as follows—

“CAIN,” says the mother of MERTHUSLAH, “What grief of mind oppresses thy riper meditations? From whence flows this alteration in thy features and appearance of woe in the *aged man*?—Reveal to the wife of ENOCH the original cause, and by our joint assistance the effects may cease—nature with thee is too far gone to support the load of depression—’tis a baneful weed that shoots forth in the soul, and unless cropped at its rising will bring our father’s grey hairs to the grave in sorrow—the years are past for CAIN

to encounter in conflicts with powerful reflections, or to combat with the forces of united enemies. The adversary of thy youth is still mighty—the venom of his envy is still flourishing, and the darts of his inveteracy always ready to wound thee in the weakest part. Let not thy retirements be frequent or solitary, but associate with our community, and the conversations of fellowship and friendship will be solacing unto thee, beneficial to the youth, and edifying to maturer years—Speak now CAIN.”

“What aileth our father?”

“*Nothing, ye righteous seed of SETH.*”

From hence were the watchful guardians of Cain diligent in the duty of observation, and never permitted his private walks to exceed the bounds of hearing.

ADAM and EVE had recorded the mournful day of ABEL's death, and revealed the same  
to

to succeeding posterity—on this *same day*, after revolving centuries and successive generations, did the venerable wanderer, *weak and feeble*, unknown to his family, once more attempt to reach the grave of ABEL—fatigue overtook him, and with weary limbs did painfully arrive at the pensive spot. The expected time of his return was elapsed; the whole family was in consternation, and eagerly fled to the mournful place, where CAIN in deep contemplation was seated, as the image of death, on ABEL's grassy tomb: his countenance evinced the approaching change, and all were preparing to convey him home. CAIN looks up and sees an infant in the mother's arms, the wife of ENOCH, he says—"Come near, let me bless the child—What is his name?"—

"We call him ABEL," says ENOCH.

"ABEL you call him;" and taking the child from its mother, he says—"May he be endued with ABEL's virtues,"—and with  
eyes

eyes and hands uplifted, he falls back on the grave with ABEL in his arms; and looking towards Heaven, with one *smiling groan*, he gave up the *ghost*, and—*died!*

FINIS.



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